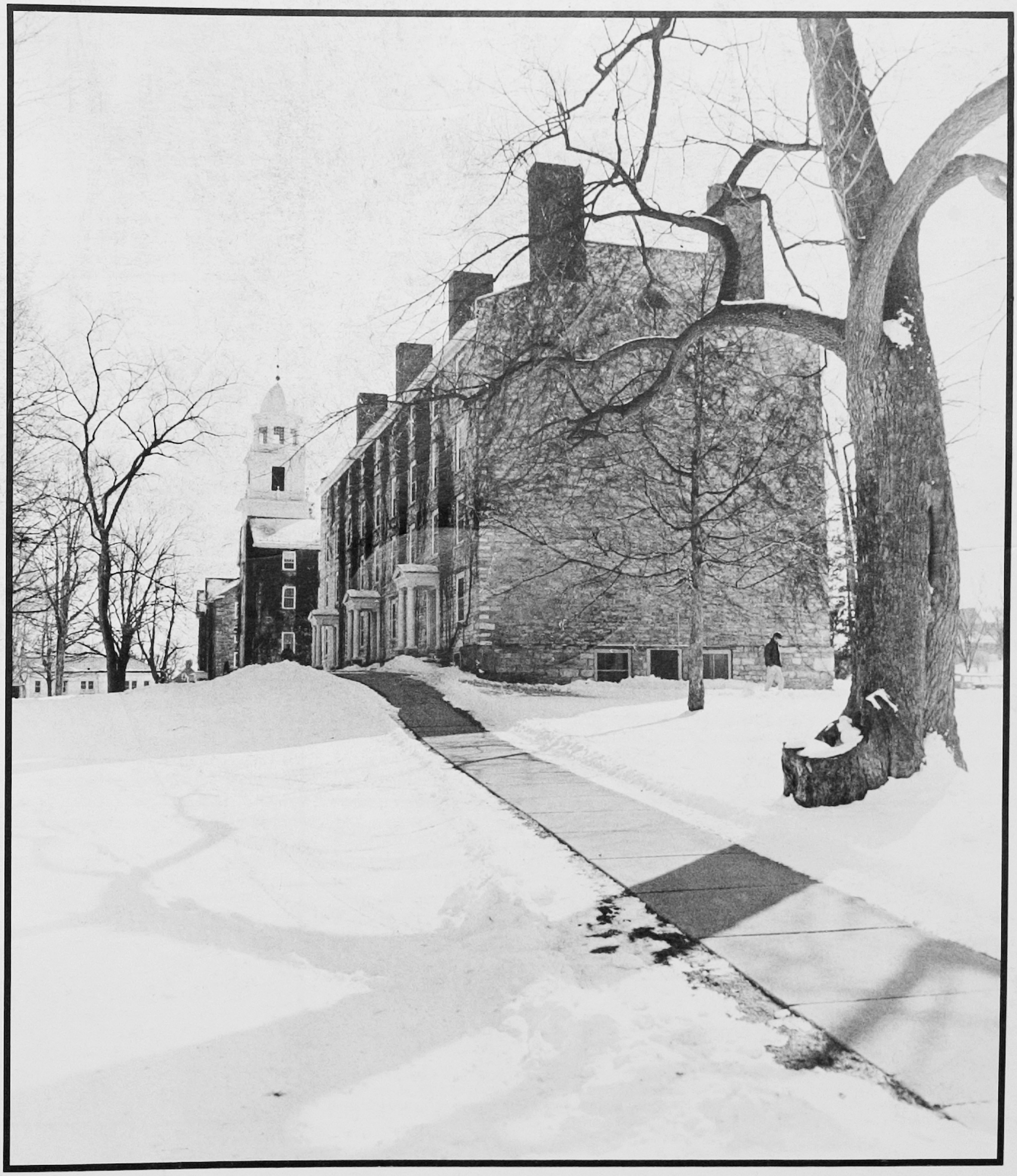
Middlebury

COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

WINTER 1975



Around the Hill

President Announces Resignation

At their meeting in November, Dr. Armstrong, twelfth president of the College, asked the Trustees to seek his successor by next September 1st. He will then have served for nearly twelve years.

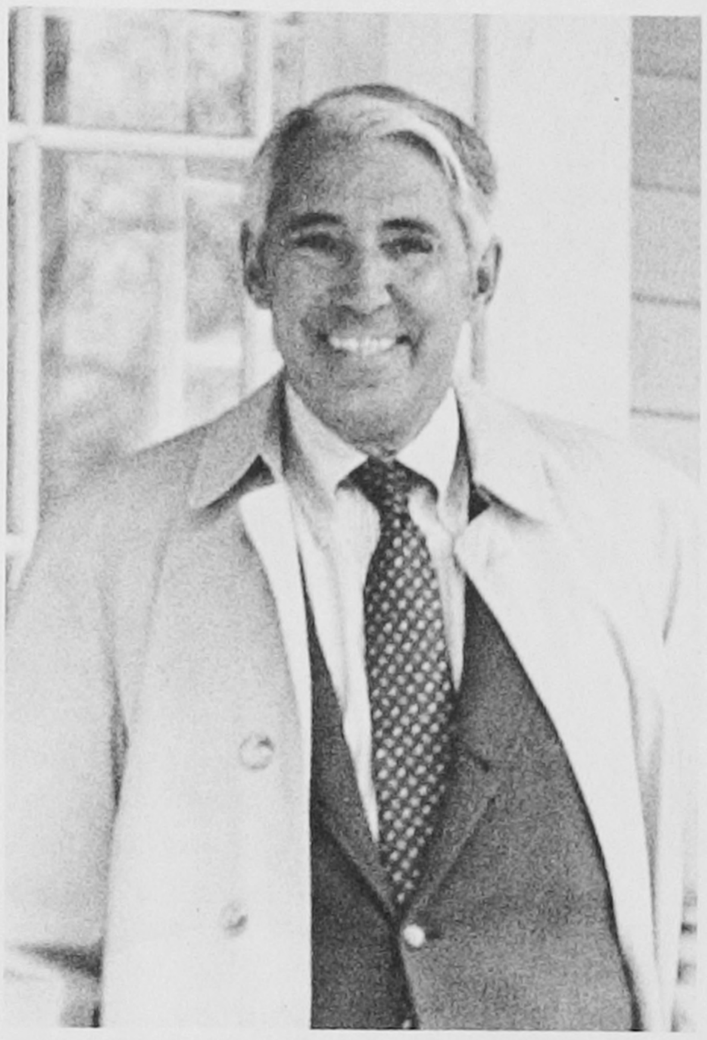
Stating that he believed the time to be right for this change—both for the College and himself—Dr. Armstrong recalled that strengthening the faculty, with all that that implies for programs and facilities, had been his principal goal from the beginning and added that, as he left the College, now, he was gratified that Middlebury had demonstrated "a proven capacity to secure new funding." He concluded his statement by thanking his wife, Carol, for her commitment to the good of the College.

Accepting Dr. Armstrong's resignation, Douglas Meredith, chairman of the Board, said that under his "vigorous leadership Middlebury had attained new heights of achievement . . . Never has it occupied a stronger position among the nation's colleges and universities." Upon leaving the College Dr. Armstrong will assume the presidency of the Charles A. Dana Foundation (Greenwich, Connecticut), whose grants have traditionally supported the programs of smaller liberal arts colleges in America.

Two days after the Trustees' meeting, the president publicly announced his resignation at the November faculty meeting, whereupon Prof. Howard Munford '34 rose and remarked, "President Armstrong, this is really startling and dismaying news. I am confident I speak for this Faculty as well as for myself when I express our deep regret at your decision. As an alumnus of Middlebury and a long-time member of the Faculty who has now served under three presidents, I have had particular reasons for appreciating your contributions to this institution.

"For a good many years I frequently expressed the opinion that Middlebury was a good standard college of the second rank with everything going for it to become a college of the first rank. All it needed was the right direction at the top. You have proved me right.

"In your eleven years at Middlebury you have brought this College along to the point where I think we can now say with confidence that it is a college of the first rank and in comparison with many other colleges of our sort, we are now in an enviably strong position—and you deserve the credit. I can appreciate the reasons for your decision but I do regret it—and, thank you."



After the faculty meeting, the president went to the WRMC studios and proceeded to announce his decision to the students. In the ensuing on-air interview by a half-dozen students, he explained in some detail the reasons for his action and his continuing interest in their educational experience at Middlebury.

Dr. Armstrong's timing will allow his successor to begin the academic year 1975-76 and to lead the College in its celebration of Middlebury's 175th anniversary on November 1st. Among the scores of letters that poured in from around the country in the next fortnight—from faculty, students, trustees, other college presidents, and friends—these several quotes:

An emeritus professor wrote, "Not only have you built up the College to a remarkable strength, but . . . you have done it during the most trying of times. . . . You advanced the quality of the College. . . . I sense a pervasive strength throughout the college community and this must be ascribed to a purposeful administration. It has had grace, energy, directed vision, and, I think, a humanistic idealism." From an alumnus: "Just let me say that in the more than forty years of my relationship to the College there has never been a period when things seemed so 'right' with the whole community—faculty, students, and your Board. That is not something that just happened, I know well enough." One college president referred to "The civility and sense of what is right and good which have characterized your work at Middlebury," and another commented, "Most remarkable in this day and age, you have found the money to support the excellence." A local political leader wrote, "Our community is going to miss you, but what you have done here will stand as an enduring monument to your abilities and dedication. Under your guidance Middlebury has become one of the outstanding colleges of the East, and we all owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

Dr. Armstrong's notable decade at Middlebury (1963-73) was summarized in the Winter '74 issue of this magazine ("The Man who made a College Bloom").

The Trustees authorized formation of a Presidential Search Committee to be composed of representatives of the Trustees, Faculty, staff, and student body. Chaired by Arnold LaForce '35, the 12-man committee consists of trustees Mary Williams Brackett '36, Debora Nye Eppler '50, Raymond Saulnier '29, William Youngman, and Hilton Wick; professors Michael Claudon (Soc. Sci.), Howard Munford '34 (Humanities), George Saul (Natural Sciences), and Kimberly Sparks (Languages); and students Liz Heun '75 and Curt Viebranz '75. The staff representative is Fred Neuberger '50, director of Admissions.

Any alumnus, parent, or other interested friend of Middlebury who wishes to bring to the Committee's attention some qualified candidate, should address a letter to "Presidential Search Committee, Old Chapel," presenting salient facts about the nominee that might particularly commend him to the consideration of the Committee.

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Middlebury
COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

Vol. 49, No. 2
Winter 1975

EDITOR: Gregor Hileman. EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD: Norman Armour '53, Ray Bosworth '29, Walter Brooker '37, Paul Cubeta, Jane Holtz '64, George Huban, David Littlefield, Howard Munford '34, Dennis O'Brien, Constance Patrick '53, Gordon Perine '49, Kimberly Sparks, A. Richard Turner.

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The Middlebury College News Letter is mailed without charge to all alumni. A parents edition, without alumni news, is mailed without charge to all parents of students and recent graduates. Every alumnus is asked to inform the Alumni Office of his change of address and of any news concerning himself or another alumnus.

Dr. Armstrong's statement

November 2, 1974

"For everything there is a season and a time. . . ." It is my judgment that the time has come for new presidential leadership of Middlebury College, and I have therefore asked the Board of Trustees to seek my successor by September 1, 1975.

The College is, I believe, strong both in human and financial resources. When I came to Middlebury eleven years ago I pledged all my efforts to strengthen and maintain the faculty. If that were done, I was confident that the College would prosper in its mission. I have tried to fulfill that pledge to sustain a strong teaching faculty with all that is involved therein in programs and facilities.

My successor will find at Middlebury a community where in my view there is a healthy unity, where there is mutual trust and respect among students, faculty, and administration and where there are things to be done and the will to do them.

I want to pay tribute to the Trustees who have been quietly, wisely and selflessly the mainstay of the College together with the chief administrative officers who have at every turn sustained the president in service to the College. There have been some difficult times; we are, I think, the stronger for having held together. There have also been some great moments of achievement.

The College has many assets and not the least among them is a proven capacity to secure new funding, and in this I see a good beginning and and assurance for future and necessary support.

Finally I want to thank my wife, Carol, whose commitment to the College has been complete, her work for the College daily and joyful. We shall leave Middlebury with pride in its high standing, great gratitude for our years here and a deep faith in its sure future.

Card correction

When you don't read your own magazine, you can soon end up in the rough. Correcting an error in the previous issue, a letter in the Winter '67 News Letter pointed out that all but six of the 187 shares of stock in the Middlebury Country Club came to the College as gifts from generous alumni and friends—the College had never "purchased" the course, as had been asserted. Well, your editor had missed that correction—this was six months before he came aboard—and sure enough repeated the same error (Fall '74, p. 3: "In 1963 it purchased the course outright . . ."). No stranger to double bogies around the greens, the editor regrets this second whiff in print and is happy to repeat the comment of his predecessor, George Huban: "It is particularly fitting that our error was first brought to our attention by Egbert Hadley '10, since his active efforts and generous assistance made possible this significant record . . ."

Alumna Named Trustee

Electra Bostwick McDowell '55 was elected a term trustee by the Board at its November meeting. Electra was a Fine Arts major, and a member of Women's Forum, and of Pi Beta Phi. She was married in 1958 to Dr. Fletcher McDowell, then assistant professor of medicine (neurology) at Cornell and director of the Cornell Neurological Service in Bellevue Hospital, Manhattan. Her term runs until June 30, 1976.

Sue Whipple '75
No one asks for wine

Water Girl

Middlebury's prettiest football manager, ever, is drama-major Sue Whipple '75, from North Grafton, Mass. Sue answered an ad for the job last spring and, although she's only 5'-1 and all team managers since 1893 had been male, Coach Heinecken put her to work. No stranger to athletics, Sue is a good figure skater and was an alpine ski racer in high school. She has co-chairmaned the Winter Carnival ice show for the past two years and skated solo and duet numbers in each production. Sue has also played goalie for the women's field hockey team and last winter became the first girl member of the hockey-rink ice crew.

Happy Birthday to . . .

- Norman Rockwell DH'54, who will be 81 on February 3rd;
- Erwin D. Canham LLD'56, who will be 71 on February 13th; and to
- Zero Mostel LittD '74, who turns 60 on the 28th.

Many happy returns, also, to

- Edmund S. Muskie DCL'69, who will be 61 on March 28th;
- John J. McCloy LLD'62, who'll be 80 on the 31st; and to
- Mary Pickford DH'61, who'll be a year older on April 9th.

You can help us . . .

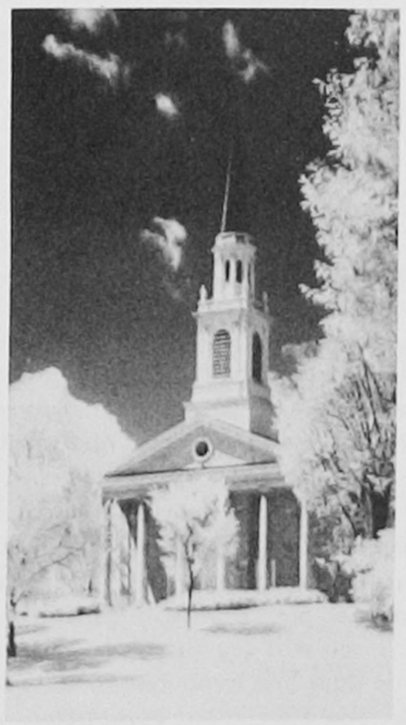
The News Letter will publish next October the special 175th Anniversary Issue. Because we hope to present many photographs from earlier decades, and do not have in the College Archives nearly as many such photos as we could wish, we invite every alumnus to mail to the News Letter office, Old Chapel 42, any photos of general interest showing college activities while he was a student at Middlebury. All photos submitted will be handled and stored (and eventually returned) with care. If you can supply names and other background information about the scenes, so much the better. To be used in the Fall issue, prints should be in the News Letter office by June 15th. We particularly hope that our more senior alumni will rummage around in their attics and cellars and find some college photos to share with the rest of us. But photos from *all* classes will be welcomed. Help us make this Anniversary issue a happy trip into nostalgia!

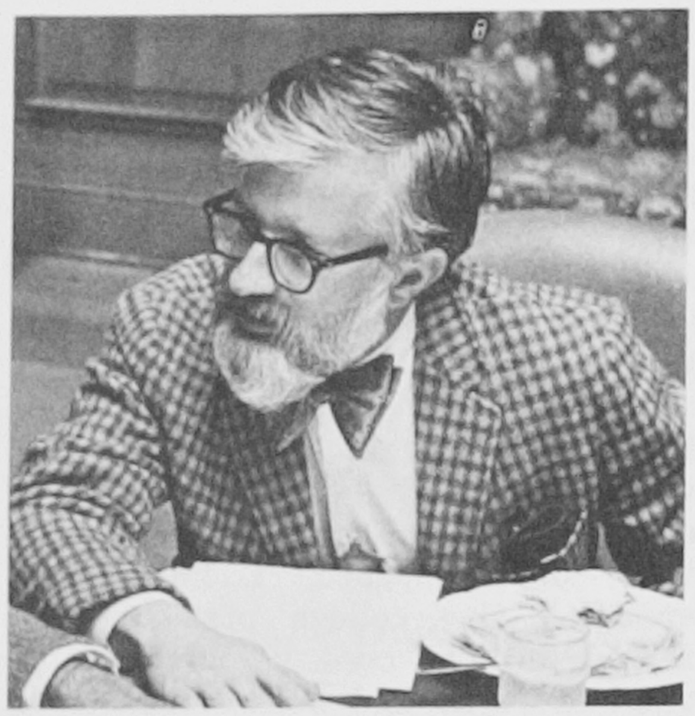
. . . *by will to the College on the Hill*

From the estate of May T. Petrie, a Middlebury parent, $50 for The 175th Anniversary Fund. From the estate of Lloyd B. Gale '16, $50 for Annual Giving to Middlebury.

From the estate of Laila A. McNeil, former librarian at the College, $84.33 as an addition to The McNeil Fund for Starr Library, bringing this permanent endowment up to $9,689.93.

From the estate of Hazel E. Hotaling, $5,000 in memory of Harold More Hotaling '41 to establish The Harold More Hotaling '41 Memorial Fund in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College. Annual income unrestricted.





A. Richard Turner

In 1849 Middlebury awarded an honorary degree to a young man from New Haven, Vt. who was a newly ordained pastor in Greenwich, N.Y. Why this 28-year-old bachelor of no particular accomplishment should have been singled out for honor by the trustees is a mystery, but over the next three decades he was amply to prove their perspicacity. He was to found a town (and college) in central Iowa, serve two terms in the state legislature and two terms in the Congress, be the organizing president of an Iowa railroad, and president of the American Agricultural Society (he first brought Devon cattle and Clydesdale horses into Iowa). His support of the interests of the newly freed slaves during Reconstruction cost him a severe beating by a Kentucky Congressman, on the Capital steps, and his advocacy of humane dealing with the Sac and Fox tribes in Iowa was far ahead of his times. His name was Josiah Bushnell Grinnell.

Upon the retirement this month of Glenn Leggett '40, after ten years as president of Grinnell College, that post is being assumed by another Middleburian, A. Richard Turner, Dean of the Faculty and chairman of the Art department.

One of Dr. Armstrong's least forgettable imports from Princeton (AB'55, MFA'58, PhD'59), after seven years on that faculty Mr. Turner came to Middlebury in 1968 and was named Dean of the Faculty two years later. He is no stranger to these pages ("Why a Teaching Collection?", W'69; "Signor Bellini's Reverence for Life," W'71, "Alternative Futures for Middlebury," W'73; and "New Tracks and Checkpoints on the Course" (with Bruce Peterson '56), Su'73). Mr. Turner will be Grinnell's ninth president. The four-year, liberal arts college has an enrollment of 1200 and a faculty of 100.

In the appreciation read at the December faculty meeting, Bruce Peterson '56, Professor of Mathematics, said, ". . . Showing freshmen and colleagues the same honest respect, he made a reality of our principled belief in the indivisibility of scholarship and teaching. Overnight he became one of the college's most popular teachers. . . . Dick was Dean of Faculty in difficult times, times of closing purses and closing options, times when events often seemed in control and institutional problems were reflected in personal frustration and doubt. He responded to our needs and worries with an open door and an open mind which helped us, individually and collectively, to find our ways. His leadership and counsel was characterized by uncomplicated honesty and a sure feel for another's sensibilities. He startled us with perceptions which stretched our knowledge of ourselves . . . he stripped us of our pretensions, and made us like it."

National Honor to Prof. Harnest

Professor Grant Harnest has received the 1974 James Flock Norris Award for "outstanding achievement in the teaching of Chemistry." The national award was bestowed at the annual dinner of the Northeastern Section of the American Chemical Society, held in November at MIT. The citation described Professor Harnest as "a dedicated and energetic teacher whose enthusiasm for his subject, organic chemistry, has inspired students for over a generation to pursue scholarly careers in the service and whose vigorous and effective leadership in the development of the science programs at Middlebury College has won the appreciation and esteem of his colleagues and fellow scientists."

He was introduced to the 200 guests at the meeting by Dick Macnair '52, a former student who is now supervisor of research chemists at the U.S. Army Natick Laboratories, in the Boston suburbs.

An Illinoisan and graduate of Knox College, Mr. Harnest came to Middlebury in 1939 to do graduate work in analytical chemistry under Prof. Ennis Womack. He took his master's in 1941 and returned to Middlebury as an instructor in '43. Earning his doctorate at the University of Virginia in '46, Mr. Harnest was made a full professor and department chairman in '56 and was appointed chairman of the Natural Sciences division in 1966.

Under approving eye of Norris award chairman, center, Grant Harnest received 1974 Norris Award from Phyllis Brauner of American Chemical Society at MIT meeting.

How do Hares and Newts Spend *their* Winter Term?

By Jane Harris '74

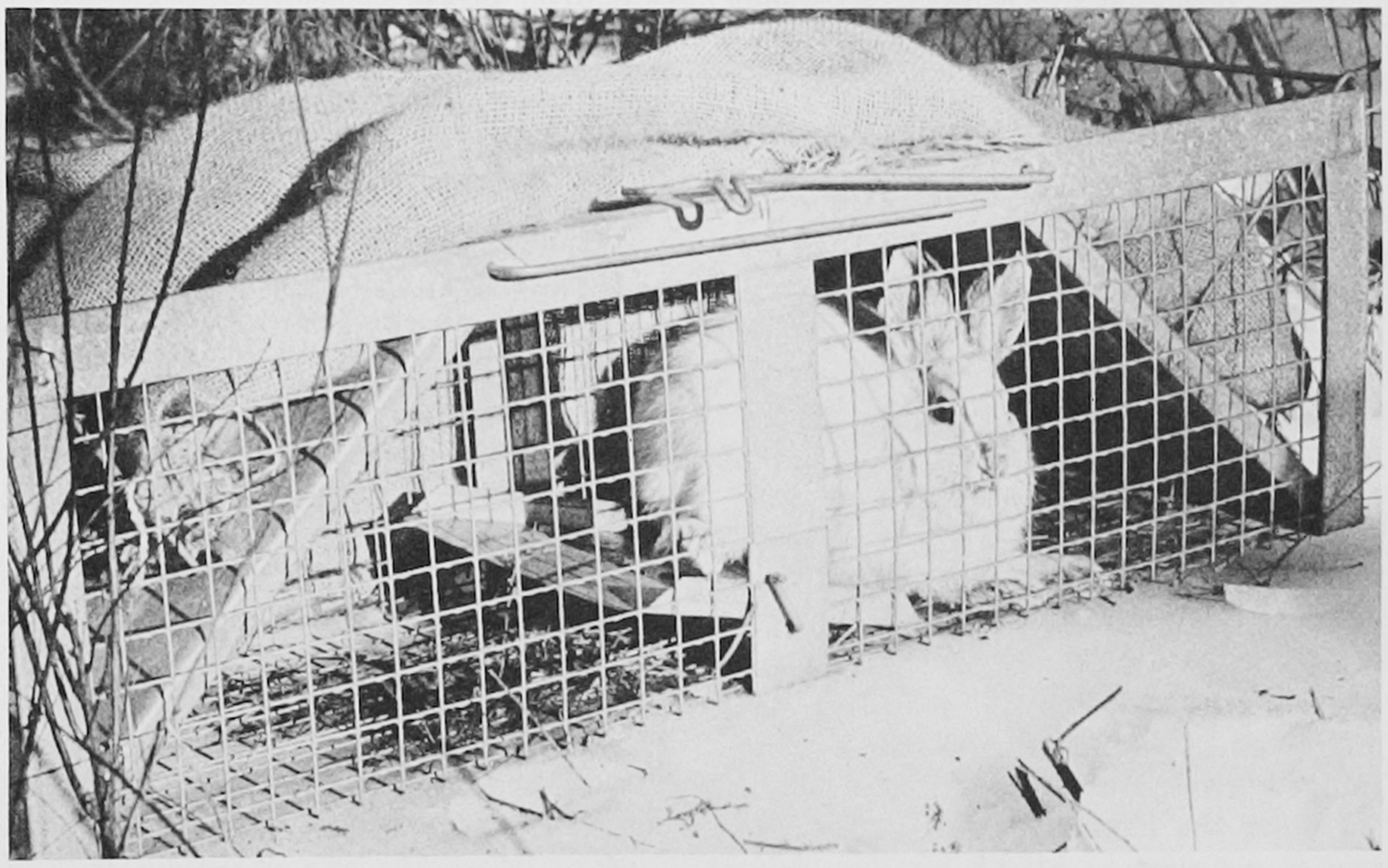
Why is there controversy over Middlebury's Winter Term? Winter Term means that I can be absorbed in a paper concerning water-retention properties of a lichen thallus knowing that I won't have to interrupt my thoughts to do organic chemistry problems. I can read D. H. Lawrence during January for a course and not have to shatter the aura with math homework. Winter Term is also a marvelous opportunity to embark on a month's internship at Middlebury Union High School and emerge fully confident that teaching high school biology is not the right vocation for me.

I reflected on this as I climbed (and fell) up the icy trail to the rabbit study area. I had climbed this hill twice a day with Sue, Gerry, and Mark all through January, and it seemed the boiler-plate ice was always covered with enough new snow that we each knew we would have to slip when we tried to dig our toes into the hill, but we didn't know just when.

During the Winter Term, four of us * had continued the study of the snowshoe-hare population in the High Pond Nature Reserve near Brandon. The object of our course, "Winter Ecology," directed by Professor Woodin, was to experience the kinds of problems and obstacles ecologists encounter in their research. Our study of snowshoe hares concerned the size and makeup of the population, the home ranges of individual hares, and their subsistence base. Our data were obtained by extensive live trapping as well as by radiotelemetry . . . collaring the rabbits with radio transmitters and tracking their movement with remote receivers.

Other students at High Pond immersed themselves in other aspects of winter ecology: Valerie Brown '76 and Bob Hillier '75 analyzed organic sediments in the lake and constructed a profile of thermal stratification and dissolved gasses. Andy Cohen '76 studied the winter migrations and activities of the common spotted newt in High Pond.

Sampling the bottom of a Vermont lake in mid-January can pose problems—first, the foot of ice between you and the organisms or sediments you want to study. After spending an hour sawing a hole in the ice large enough for the sampling dredge, you are ready to collect your sample. But in the process, the newts have been scared away and you must wait a couple of hours for them to resume normal activity. By that time the hole in the ice is beginning to freeze up again . . .



Most of the information for the newt study came through direct observations by scuba divers James Callahan (principal of the Mary Hogan Elementary School in Middlebury), Jack Chearmonte (engineer for Simmons Precision in Vergennes), Jim Potdevin, an exchange student from Bucknell, Robby Munier '75, and graduate-student Ned Williams. After cutting a 10 x 15 foot hole in the ice, these courageous men, sporting the latest fashions in wet suits and scuba gear, braved the icy waters of High Pond in search of newts. Fortunately the afternoon was sunny and unseasonably warm. The divers reported that although the water was very cold, the visibility was stupendous and that walking upside down on the icy ceiling was a magnificent experience! An abundance of newts were observed and some captured for transport to the lab for further study. Thus, Andy, Middlebury's newt investigator, was able to gather a significant amount of data concerning winter activity, migration, feeding habits, and mating behavior of the spotted newt *(Notopthalmus v. viridescens)*.

Meanwhile the sun was beginning to set and we realized that we should trudge back through the snow to make our afternoon trap check. We left the lake and the

*Sue Martin '75, Gerry Szal '74, and Mark Patlovich '74

The Alumni Message Board

GENERAL NEWS

The Middlebury College Choir will be presenting concerts this spring at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., on April 5th at the Taft School, Watertown, Conn., on April 6th; at the Loomis-Chaffee School, Windsor, Conn., on April 7th; at Yale Divinity School, New Haven, April 8th; and at Northfield-Mt. Hermon School, Northfield, Mass. on the 9th.

The Middlebury College Alumni Association is sponsoring several tour programs this year. The Hong Kong tour in October was most successful; 1975 tours are to Hawaii (February 3-9), Rio de Janeiro (April 16-24), and Ireland (June 13-21). If you don't receive a flyer, you may get detailed information by writing the Alumni Office.

The Classes of 1915, '20, '25, '30, '35, '40, '45, '50 and '55 will be reuning this spring. Reunion/Commencement Weekend is May 30—June 1. The Classes of 1960, '65, and '70 will reune in the fall—September 19-21.

BOSTON CLUB

The year is off to a fine start, and to date we have had four successful events: The Freshmen Get-Together; the Tailgate Party before the Midd—MIT soccer game (which Middlebury won 1-0); Mim Wade's lecture; and the Round Robin Tennis Night at the Charles River Tennis Club. Sixty-five alums and spouses had a great evening at tennis. This event was so popular that many had to be turned away due to limited number of courts. Our first Lecture will be held in January with David Stameshkin as guest lecturer: Prof. Stameshkin is writing the history of Middlebury College. The second Lecture will be held in March with Geography Professor J. Rowland Illick as guest lecturer. The Annual Spring Dinner will be held May 2nd at Pier 4, with President Armstrong as guest speaker. A large turnout is expected to honor Dr. Armstrong on his final visit to Boston as President of Middlebury College.

ROCHESTER CLUB

Gordie Perine, director of Alumni Relations, and Bobbie Weeks, assistant director of Alumni Relations, met with a small group of alumni in the Rochester area to discuss changing the alumni club in Rochester. The alumnae club, which has been active for 20 years, felt they would like to go coeducational. At the meeting, Frank Pappalardo '62 was elected president; drafting of a constitution and by-laws of the new organization is underway. Bruce Johnstone '61 was appointed chairman of the Admissions Committee, to be assisted by James E. Woods '63. Attending this organizational meeting were Frank Pappalardo '62, Rachel Adkins Platt '49, James E. Woods '63, John Allen '50, Virginia Knudsen Allen '48, Bruce Johnston '61, Marcia McIntyre Allen '52, and Beatrice Oetjen Cone '49.

CAPITAL DISTRICT CLUB

The Schuyler Meadows Country Club in Albany was the scene on Saturday, November 9th, for the fall dinner meeting of the Capital District Middlebury Alumni Club. Approximately sixty people were in attendance and from comments made during and after the event, everyone had a great time and learned a lot about Middlebury; all in all, a great success.

"Rich" Miner '58, Assistant to President Armstrong, was principal speaker. Gordie Perine '49, director of Alumni Relations, and Bobbie Weeks, assistant director of Alumni Relations, were also present. Rich announced the resignation of the President—a surprise to all. In addition, he spoke about Middlebury, other private educational institutions, and the problems they face today. He was very positive about Middlebury and the role the College will play in the future. Afterward, there was a lively question-and-answer period with Gordie and Rich fielding the questions. We hope that another gathering can be held in the spring and that this is the beginning of renewed activity for the Club.

On December 17th, through the efforts of the Club, the Chapel at the Albany Academy, a local boys school, was made available so that Gordie Perine and Mickey Heineken, head football coach, could address students who were interested in Middlebury.

—Joseph H. Mann, Jr. '45
President

AWARDS AND PLACEMENT

As a director of the Alumni Association, I am chairman of the Awards and Placement Committees. Our president, Connie Sherman Patrick '53, already has had three meetings of the officers and directors of the Alumni Association, and another one is scheduled for January 18th. Most of our discussion has centered on how we can get more alumni involved in working for the College. I feel we are off to a fine start and under Connie's leadership we will have a more active Council and Association.

Each year, the Awards committee selects two alumni (a man and a woman) to receive the alumni awards that are presented at the alumni luncheon in the Field House on Reunion Weekend.

These awards are made to graduates and former students of Middlebury for meritorious service to the College; that is, for faithful and active participation in alumni affairs, or assistance in extending the usefulness, influence, and prestige of the College.

As chairman of this committee, I invite you to submit by April 1st the name or names of deserving alumni to me at 11 Brewer Parkway, South Burlington, Vermont, 05401, or to the Alumni Office.

To serve our undergraduate and young alumni, we are forming Placement Committees in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. Alumni in such fields as personnel, government, banking, insurance, computer science, social science, and public utilities are invited to serve on their local committee in these cities. Any senior or young alumni seeking employment will contact the Placement Committee chairman and arrange to meet with that alumnus who has the expertise in the student's field. If the student or young alumnus is interested in settling in some other area, he should contact me or Gordie Perine (in the Alumni Office), and we will try to put him in touch with an alumnus who has expertise in that area. We expect to list the Placement committees each year in the **News Letter.**

If any of you will serve on such a Committee, either in the cities mentioned or elsewhere, please let us hear from you.

Henry W. Caswell, Jr. '49
Chairman of Awards and
Placement Committees

HOW ALUMNI CAN HELP IN ADMISSIONS AND ATHLETICS

Connie Sherman Patrick and her new Executive Committee hope they can involve more alumni in College functions. Meetings have been held with Fred Neuberger '50, director of Admissions, and Gordie Perine '49, director of Alumni Relations. Committees are being established around the country to help the Admissions and Athletics departments.

We realize that Middlebury, at present, does not have a problem; it is still one of the most popular Colleges in the country.

However, that situation might change in the near future because of financial pressures on high-cost institutions such as ours.

We have initiated Admissions programs in four areas under the following chairmen: Boston—Charles Palmer '57, Denver—Bob Boucher '49, Washington—Anne Colman Zehner '53, and Montreal—Kyle Prescott '49.

Each chairman will develop a committee within his area to fulfill the following objectives:

1. Follow up inquiries made to the Admissions Office, either by phone or by letter, indicating that local alumni are available to answer questions or discuss Middlebury in detail.
2. Recruit good prospects and encourage them to apply to Middlebury.
3. Arrange to interview, and report to the Admissions Office on, prospects who cannot travel to Middlebury.
4. Advise an applicant when some representative group from Middlebury will be in his area (eg., choir performance, lecture, or an athletic contest). Also, organize local get-togethers between applicants and undergraduate students.
5. Contact students who have been accepted by Middlebury and offer any additional information desired, either personally or by a group get-together.

Each of the four committees will have an initial briefing session with a representative of the Admissions Office, and the ground rules will be laid out. Bobbie Weeks from the Alumni Office and Tim Neale from Admissions are our co-ordinators.

We hope that such committees will tap the enthusiasm and experience of the many alumni who are willing to help attract top students to Middlebury. If we succeed in these trial areas, we shall then extend the program.

We are attempting to establish similar committees to help the Athletics department.

Because of their other responsibilities it is often difficult for coaches to contact prospective students without the help of interested alumni. We hope that we shall be able to develop working committees in the geographical areas where coaches indicate they need help. We hope we can count on your local support.

—W. Kyle Prescott, '49
Chairman of Admissions and
Athletic Committees

afternoon trap checks in −20 degree weather, as well as cross-country skiing excursions and tobogganing. Most important, though, Winter Term gave us a chance to examine different aspects of winter ecology and experience the difficulties of setting up independent research. We were able to set up and carry through our own projects, revising procedures and methods when necessary, and to compile and analyze our data. With the help of Dr. Woodin and Andy Livak, and the generosity of Douglas Burden who owns the High Pond Reservation, we enjoyed a very successful and enlightening Winter Term.

* * *

Intrigued by Miss Harris's report, we looked up Professor Howard Woodin, director of the ecological studies, and asked for a further fill-in on Winter Ecology investigations at High Pond:

"We had a couple of objectives," he said. "One was to find out where these spotted newts were. We knew they were in there; in the fall of the year you can see hundreds and hundreds of them all along the shore line, right from the shore. But then as winter gets close and the lake begins to look as if it's going to freeze over, they disappear and we figured that they went out into deep water —there was no question about that—and we thought maybe they went down into the mud and hibernated, but instead of that, the divers found that they were crawling around on this mud-water interface—which is very jelly-like but the newts were able to maintain themselves because they have pretty near the same specific gravity as the water down there —and apparently they were active, fooling around. We didn't know that before.

"I think maybe one of the reasons why they're out there is, there are all kinds of little worms that crawl around on the surface of the mud, or are imbedded in the mud and that's what the newts feed on. Certainly the water is no warmer down there than it would be close to shore. They were never in water less than 8 feet and they seemed to go on out as far as the divers could see from that hole, which meant that the water was maybe 20 feet deep or so—we don't know how much further.

"The sunlight came right through that ice and the divers were fascinated; they really didn't need their flashlights; they took some pictures of the ice from underneath, but they never did really get me

Rabbits' eyes are covered to keep them quiet during measuring.

Jim Callahan and Jack Chearmonte make final equipment check before going below in search of spotted newts; newts don't hibernate, but feed on bottom all winter.

the pictures of the bottom that I wanted. You could see them walking around upside down on the bottom side of the ice; it was fascinating. Those guys went crazy; they've never done this before and I had the damndest time trying to get them to do the few simple things I wanted them to do because when they got down there, apparently the ice has little undulations underneath and they just had a big time under there and I couldn't get them out! It was getting late and I wanted to go home and I started loading the vehicles but they didn't want to leave!

"The first two weeks of the Winter Term, we didn't have any snow for the first week or so and we weren't having very much luck with the course because most of what we were doing required snow. But then all of a sudden we got snow and it was deep! So then we

Whudeye-do? wonders snowshoe hare in brief thrall.

Above, Sue Martin '74 and friend weigh bagged hare; below, seniors Gerry Szal and Mark Patlovich reset trap, which is burlap-sheathed to prevent freezing of next occupant.

chilled divers for our excursion to the 14-acre study plot and our 24 Hav-a-hart traps. We climbed the icy trail and slid in the fox tracks that crisscrossed our path. A large black porcupine, settled into the crotch of a beech, watched us placidly as we passed.

Trap 5 was sprung and in it was a hare we had not previously caught. Pulling the burlap bag out of my pack, I placed it over the end of the box trap while Mark Patlovich '74 opened the trap door. The rabbit bolted into the bag and jumped around frantically. Sue Martin '75 hung the bagged rabbit on the scale and it weighed in at 3.8 pounds. Gerry Szal '74 then took the rabbit out of the bag, taking care to hold its powerful hind legs securely and keep its eyes covered. (We found that the hares would remain fairly calm if we covered their eyes while we worked with them.) We set to work to measure its hind foot length (14 cm) and its ear length (9 cm) and to staple a metal tag in its ear for future identification. Foot and ear lengths indicate the animal's age. This one was an adult and probably two years old.

Although we were apprehensive about the ear tagging at the beginning of the study, fearing the piercing tag would hurt the rabbits, fortunately the hares never gave any indication of pain. After Daintry Heap '75 determined that the hare was a male, it was released. As newly tagged "No. 8" scampered into the woods, we recorded the essential data and resumed our rounds. We found three rabbits that had previously been tagged, munching the alfalfa bait and waiting for us to free them.

In addition to the home-range data obtained by trapping, we employed radio-telemetric methods for a week during the Spring term to trace the daily movements of two of the hares. These rabbits were fitted with radio-transmitter collars of different frequencies so that we could distinguish the signals. Then the four of us stationed ourselves around the area perimeter with radio receivers and walkie talkies, triangulating to determine the position and movements of each rabbit. Thus we were able to map where the different hares had traveled throughout the tracking session. At the end of the week we retrapped the rabbits and recovered the collars.

Winter Term at High Pond was filled with sport and excitement. We heard, and found the tracks of, a coyote pack that traversed the rabbit study area, and occasionally sighted wild turkeys near the research station. There were moments of frostbitten fingers and toes during

To ski or not to ski? Student and Faculty

Verdicts Vary on Winter Term

By Elizabeth Heun '75 and Rudolf K. Haerle, Department of Sociology-Anthropology

A recent poll[1] shows that student attitudes toward the Winter Term are quite different from faculty attitudes and expectations. Although everyone agrees that the Winter Term affords a valuable change of pace from the Fall and Spring terms, the Faculty originally intended that the student's free time during Winter Term would be spent on other academic and cultural pursuits,[2] whereas a substantial majority of the students polled report that their "favorite leisure activity" in Winter Term involves such physical activity as skiing or else "socializing." Also, the Faculty believe that there's too much goofing off during Winter Term and student work loads should be increased. Although they feel that too many students are shirking their academic responsibilities, the Faculty find Winter Term to be little different from their own workload commitments in Fall or Spring.

In short, the Winter Term at Middlebury College is currently in a state of *precarious imbalance*. The difference in student-faculty attitudes that we find call into question the very existence of the 4-1-4 curriculum.

How much "exploring" during Winter Term?

Part of the root idea of Winter Term was that students should be encouraged to explore subjects outside their majors—that art majors should dip their toes into Science; that economics or political science majors should take a whack at painting or look into the history of Western European music.

How many students have, in fact, ventured into new territory? Briefly, about half of humanities or social science majors, but two-thirds of language or natural science majors. And for the humanities majors who explored, the social sciences and interdepartmental courses attracted many times more than did either natural science or languages. Conversely, of the social science majors who ventured outside their area, the preponderant number elected some humanities work, with only very few trying

a language course or a natural science course. On the other hand, the two-thirds of all language and natural science majors who explored distributed themselves fairly evenly among the other fields.

In summary, more than 57% of all Middlebury students do explore during the Winter Term, but the languages and natural sciences attract very few of them. This may in part be due to the necessary course prerequisites inherent in these two divisions.

A previous poll, conducted by Susan Lebel '71, showed almost twice as many "explorers" opting for the humanities in '71 (61%, vs. 32% in '74) and barely 20% of language, natural science, or social science majors staying "at home" during Winter Term (vs. 33%, 32%, and 52%, respectively, in '74). We might speculate that the 1971 pattern was the result of a noticeable shift toward personal introspection following the campus turbulence of the 1960s. These introspective "needs" were being met best by the humanities in 1971.

Students and Faculty View Winter Term Differently

The vast gulf that separated the attitudes and behavior of the students from those of the faculty during Winter Term 1974 is striking. The implications of this lack of consensus may raise serious questions about the future of Winter Term at Middlebury College. But there is not total student-faculty disagreement. There are some issues on which their respective opinions are quite similar and compatible.

1. *Are course demands reasonable and fair?* Both faculty and students agree that workloads, from course to course, are too uneven. But the students feel most workloads are "about right" or should be somewhat reduced, while the faculty believe that most professors are requiring too little work of their students. The faculty was also more concerned about inequality of work loads between courses. Moreover the faculty sees too many "gut" courses being offered and feels quite strongly that the Winter Term may be a waste of time.
2. *How much time should be devoted to Winter Term course work?* We asked both faculty and students how many hours a day they believed each group expected students to spend in study during Winter Term and, second, how many hours each group actually spent. To the first question, both faculty and students (44%) agreed that the professors expected 3 to 4 hours of course work per weekday (another 21% thought 5 to 6 hours). But while 35% of

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1. This information came from a survey research project conducted by the class of SA 301, The Research Process, in Spring, 1974. The results are based on a random sample of 185 students and 61 faculty. We would like to thank the members of SA 301, Diana Menzel '76, Norman Hadley, Greg Hileman and, most important, our interviewees, for their assistance in various phases of the project.

2. This expectation was embodied in the "Report of the Educational Policy Committee," dated January 8, 1968 and adopted by the faculty on February 5, 1968.

"How's the water?" High Pond kibitzers, in usual order, are Ned Williams, Jim Callahan, Prof. Howard Woodin, Andy Livak, Eric Eastman, and (kneeling) Jack Chearmonte.

couldn't get the four-wheel-drive vehicle in there any more; so we had to come in with a snow cat—this ancient snow cat that Andy's got for working the ski trails, down there. That thing is about 30 years old. You can't believe it, it looks like some old airplane out of World War I; it sounds like it too! So we had to load all our stuff in that and a skimobile.

"Winter ecology is very slow. Everything you do takes three times as long as it does in the summertime. Just everything. And the weather bothers you; I mean there are so many days you can't go out. There were lots of days they couldn't set the traps because of poor weather; it turned rainy or something like that, or very cold. I wouldn't let them set the traps if it got anywhere near zero. We have in the past lost rabbits, when they're inactive like that when it's very cold. That's the reason for this burlap bag that goes over the trap—to cut the wind. So we never lost any rabbits. Well, I guess they lost one at the very end; they were trying to put the collar on, and the foolish thing just died of fright. Rabbits can go into hypoglycemic shock—their blood sugar gets so low. Even though they've got fat on the body, they'll go through a hypoglycemic shock and die. But we were very fortunate; we didn't lose many of them.

"Another problem with this kind of project; we've known for years that rabbits become "trap happy" and we're afraid that instead of travelling around doing their own thing, they keep returning to the traps for their food. Well the same thing happens to turkeys, you know; in the early days when they raised wild turkeys in pens and then let 'em out, the damn things would never go off and be on their own—they would always hunt up some barnyard and the first barnyard they came to, they would be in with the chickens. It took a long time before the breeders could find a method to get those young turkeys to go out by themselves.

"So that's one of the reasons we wanted to develop this radio telemetry, because then the hares would be more on their own and we could see what they were doing. Before they were through they had put tags on something like 10 rabbits, but we didn't know whether they were all from just that one area or whether there was some kind of a shuffling about of the population. Some of the early tags we never picked up again; we only picked 'em up two or three times and then they'd be gone and we wouldn't see them for the rest of the season. It may be that they left the area and went somewhere else and new rabbits came in to take their place. We came to the conclusion that, at any one time, probably only five rabbits really lived in that one little area we were working with." □

on work output (or course demands), while others really get involved in their Winter Term course. Yet a significant number of the former would make it rather difficult for the latter to proceed effectively, since the "skiers" could create a campus-wide atmosphere that is not conducive to academic pursuits.

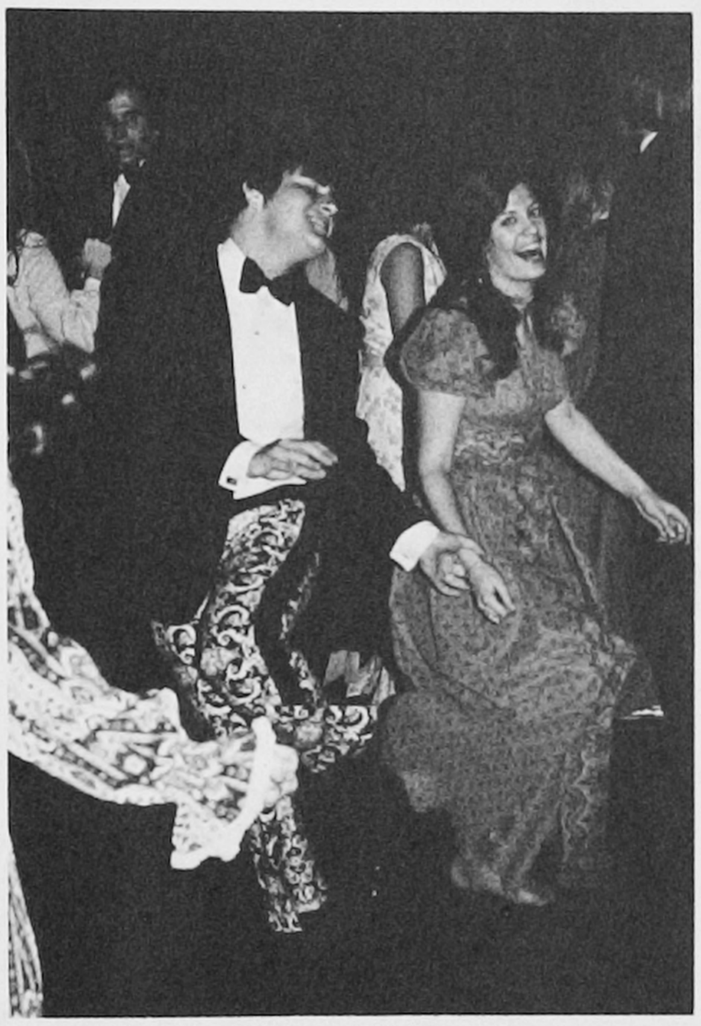
When we looked more closely at the student responses regarding commitments of time to their courses, a not-too-surprising pattern emerged: those students who put in more hours expressed positive reactions to their academic work and their own involvement in it. Thus, students who spent about 5 or more weekday hours on class-related work, when compared to those who put in fewer hours, were significantly more likely to report that they liked their course, that their course was better than average, that they were not bored but rather were very much involved in their course, that they were highly motivated academically, that they put in more hours on weekends as well, and that they believed a greater number of hours of work was expected during the Winter Term. In short, some students were really "into" the Winter Term, academically.

Were these students who were so "involved" in their academic work the traditional "grinds"? Apparently not. Those who reported that they were socially stimulated during the Winter Term were significantly more likely to say, also, that "Winter Term was a great satisfaction for me academically." This suggests that there may be two main groups among the Winter-Term student body. On the one hand, there is that group of students who find great involvement and satisfaction in both the social and academic opportunities of the Winter Term; on the other, there seems to be a group—admittedly smaller—which can be characterized as dissatisfied and alienated in *both* areas. Might increased involvement in the academic area—as a result of increased faculty commitment to a strong and stimulating Winter Term—improve the outlook of the latter group?

The Future of the Winter Term

The evidence shows that students and faculty have differing perceptions and attitudes about the purposes and opportunities available during Winter Term. Does this mean that the Winter Term is a failure and should therefore be scrapped? Or can it nonetheless continue as an academically useful program? Or should it be continued but with important modifications?

When we polled our respondents on this issue, the majority—about 6 out of 10 of *both* faculty and students—were in favor of retaining Winter Term, in some modified form. But the remaining 40% gave significantly different responses: almost all the remaining students (37 percent) voted to retain the Winter Term just "as it is"; in contrast, about 23 percent of the faculty believed



Winter Term should be dropped.

We suspect that faculty who favor dropping the Winter Term feel professional concerns of two types. First, some faculty members are concerned that the academic goals of Winter Term are not being met, due to low expectations and demands in some courses. Others are more concerned with the manner in which the Winter Term intrudes on their fall and spring courses, forcing them to organize a 12-week rather than a 15-week course. There is substance to both of these issues.

On the other hand, the students' interest in maintaining the Winter Term, either in its present form or with modifications, appears to stem from two quite different desires. The "change of pace" is an important aspect in the total academic calendar—with perhaps a different meaning for different segments of the student body. Some clearly see the Winter Term as providing time to engage in more non-academic activities (i.e., skiing, socializing, etc.), while maintaining a minimum of academic involvement. For others, it is truly a time for academic experimentation and in-depth study in an area of their choice.

Since last spring's poll, there have already been some attempts to alter the format of the Winter Term. Actually it began last year with the introduction of "Reading Courses." These were organized to allow groups of students with similar interests to band together and design their own course of study, loosely guided by a faculty member. Our evidence suggests that these were a mixture of success and abuse. In the present Winter Term, we are offering eight "core courses": focused on important and "large" themes (i.e., "American Political Leadership," "God and Caesar," "The Computer Impact," "A Catholic Sense," etc.), these courses are taught jointly by a faculty "leader" and a number of faculty "moderators." So the effort to keep the Winter Term alive and useful continues, as the College strives to find the format and the combination of resources and energies that will produce a significant intellectual experience—for both students and faculty.

There is clearly a "dynamic tension" between the faculty and the student body regarding the Winter Term: whether this will be a productive tension remains to be seen. We conclude with two suggestions. First, the responsibility of providing the proper academic atmosphere and example falls to the faculty: if they will commit their energies to developing interesting and challenging courses, the Winter Term can fulfill its great potential. (If the faculty doesn't, then it falls to the students to demand that they do so). Second, there must be renewed discussion on the purposes of the Winter Term, by both students and faculty. The costs and risks of Winter Term—and they are real—must be weighed against the considerable advantages. But if such discussion doesn't produce greater agreement between the faculty and the student body than exists today, then perhaps Middlebury College should return to the traditional two-semester program. □

faculty felt that students expected to put in 3 to 4 hours per day, nearly half of the students, themselves, reported that the average student expected to work only 2 hours per day or less. These respective expectations agreed well with actual performance: one-third of the students reported working 2 hours or less, a day; another third spent 3 to 4 hours per day. On the other hand, 60% of faculty report spending 5 or more hours a day, per course, in class or in preparation. Thus the student commitment of time to his Winter Term course

is scarcely more than half of his teacher's expectation.

3. *How intense an involvement?* Students reported significantly less "involvement" in their courses than did faculty: while 75% of the latter felt their own personal motivation during Winter Term was "above average" or "very high," about half of the students felt their own motivation was "average" to "very low." In addition, one student in five said he even got "bored" with his Winter Term course or project. But students also seem to be saying that they are academically satisfied with their level of involvement—"Give me some work to do—but not too much—and I'll be happy."

"There is clearly a dynamic tension between the faculty and the student body regarding the Winter Term: whether this will be a productive tension remains to be seen."

4. *How is leisure time spent?* The poll asked students what they did with their out-of-class hours during Winter Term and which of these pursuits was their "favorite" leisure-time activity. One-third said physical activities (skiing, skating, etc.); one-fifth said general "socializing" (conversation, listening to music, watching sports events, playing cards, etc.); one in ten preferred such "solitary" activities as painting, reading, photography, meditation; and another 10% reported drinking, taking drugs, and partying as favorite leisure activities in Winter Term. But very few were involved with campus groups (*Campus, Kaleidoscope*, WRMC), cultural activities (lecture, drama, singing), travel, or jobs. No one mentioned community volunteer work as a favorite leisure-time involvement. Faculty, on the other hand, to no one's surprise reported research, preparation for Spring courses, or administrative work (33%); or such "solitary" activities as reading, writing, or hobbies (25%). Only 15% listed physical activity as their favorite leisure-time outlet.

Degree of Consensus

Quite to our surprise, there was a rather solid consensus *within* each group —faculty and students—on issues and attitudes concerning Winter Term. We had supposed that among the faculty there might be somewhat different perceptions and attitudes among senior and tenured faculty compared with younger and non-tenured faculty. This was not the case: the preponderant consensus cut right across any such division. Similarly, we had guessed that student responses might differ significantly between upper classmen and lower classmen, majors in different divisions, and/or Greeks and independents. Few such marked patterns emerged.

The exceptions to student consensus are interesting. For example, fraternity members (when compared to non-members) show a slight inclination to be less involved academically—spend fewer weekday hours on academic work, feel less academic motivation, are less likely to like their course, and the like. In terms of academic class, upperclassmen (when compared with freshmen) are more apt to report being concerned with inequitable work loads and less likely to be socially stimulated or motivated. Upper-

classmen also put in significantly more hours of weekend work than do the freshmen. When we looked at our findings from the point of view of the student's major, only one difference emerged: students in the humanities appear to be more academically motivated during Winter Term, while natural-science majors are the least motivated.

Nevertheless, there was a high level of consensus, overall, about the meaning and uses of Winter Term among all of the students, and a *different* high level of consensus among all of the faculty.

Attitudes and Commitments of Time

The potential of Winter Term can be used in a variety of ways. Some students —and professors—opt for an easing up

he says, "It is not my place nor would I be competent to interpret to you the tragic situation in which our country would find itself in the next few weeks if the Russian armies collapsed or General Rommel captured Cairo and the Suez Canal."

Looking up at the freshmen boys in the balcony he adds, "I heard General Hershey declare in Washington, last week, that every able-bodied male student in the colleges is destined for the Armed Services and as soon as possible. Everyone expects that after the election the draft age will be reduced to 19, and later to 18."

There is shuffling, then attentive silence as he reads the names of five Middlebury men who have been killed in the first campaigns. He announces that 20 non-college, civilian-pilot trainees are already living in Starr Hall and he urges the men to enlist at once in one of the Reserve Training Corps on campus. Dean Womack of the Men's College has joined John Bowker of the Math department and English professor Boylston Green to form a Military Service Council. The men are told to see them as soon as possible.

Dr. Freeman concludes with the news that General Hershey predicts that by January six million women will be in war production to replace men who have been drafted. (By next summer even Middlebury women will be working in factories for four or five dollars a day.)

Later, walking across campus, the effect of the War is thrust aside. The freshman handbook has more importance and so do plans for rushing. Sororities are no small deal and women interested in joining are urged to come to a Pan Hellenic tea on Sunday. Insidiously, getting pledged to a sorority is also a test of popularity and family cash flow, and while it takes guts to walk up to the auction block, it seems to take more guts to turn away. Some girls are already as good as pledged anyway, because a family member or influential friends has recommended them.

But hold on; there's a substitute for the non-sorority girl. A non-secret organization called "Gold Cane" awaits her if she thinks sororities are undemocratic or as a last resort if she's turned down across the board. Many will be turned down this fall. There are just too many girls for the quotas and the consolation of Gold Cane, in most cases, turns out to be no consolation at all.

There are eight fraternities on campus and because, unlike sororities, they have houses, they are even more important. The two giants are Deke and DU, next to the Library. A local fraternity which seems to attract the artier men is Sigma Alpha. The others are Alpha Sig, Chi Psi, Sig Ep, Theta Chi, and KDR. They're big on the social side and nothing is more coveted than a house dance invitation.

The football team, our last Midd team for the duration, is hanging on by its fingernails. In the first game of the season we play Williams on their home territory and get thrashed 41 to zero.

The freshmen women are awed by Dean Ross, who warns them to behave like ladies. The men are equally intimidated by her but they make up unprintable stories to hide behind.

Gary Cooper is in "Sergeant York." We sit mesmerized by this hero with his American grin and cosmetically mussed uniform. We barely have time for ice cream at Calvi's before the ten o'clock curfew.

Except for teachers there are hardly any adults on campus. Because gasoline and tires are rationed, Homecoming has been cancelled for the duration and we are isolated from parents and alumni alike.

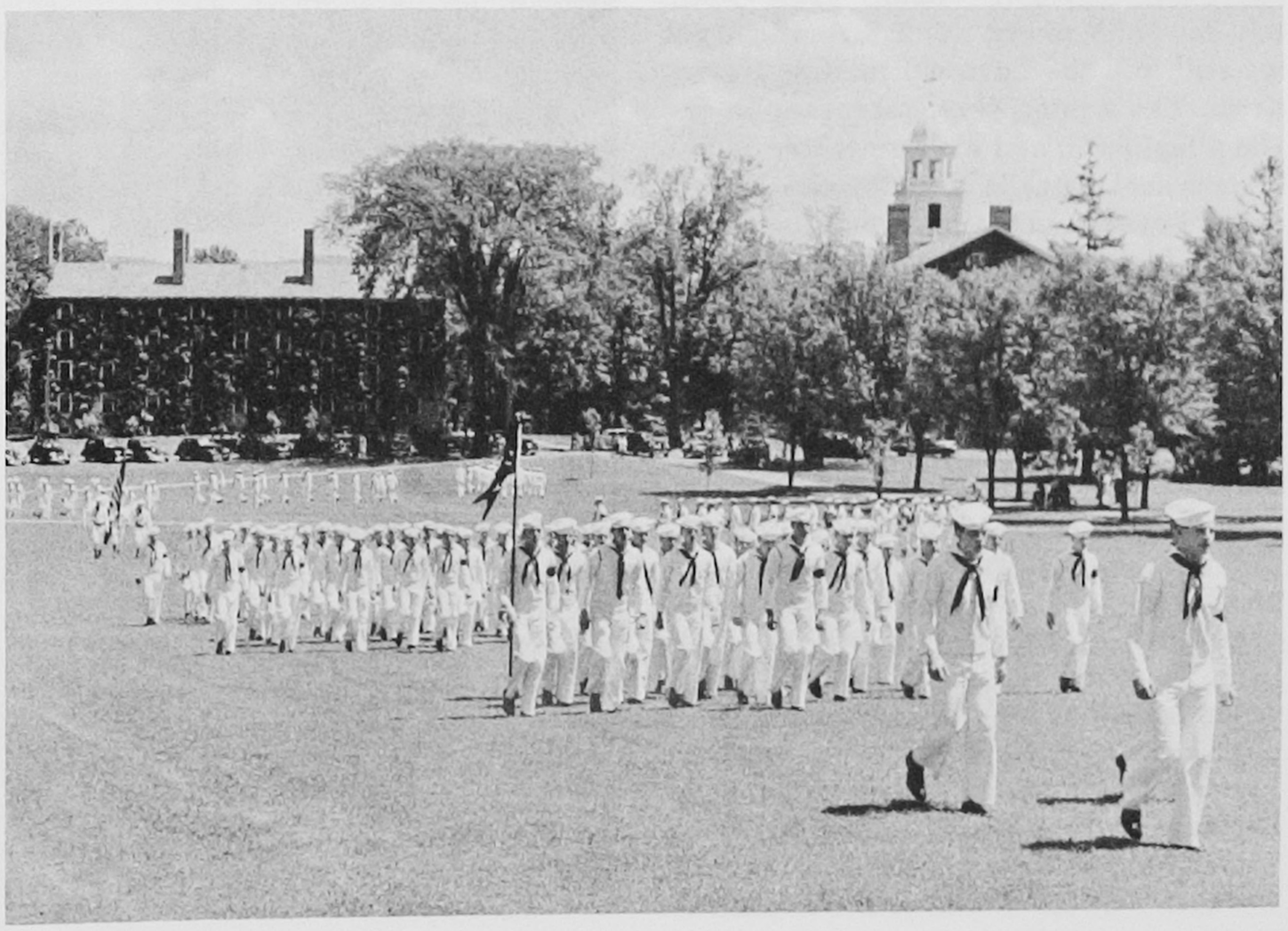
Our lectures deal increasingly with the meaning of freedom, democracy, totalitarianism. On the radio we listen to Lowell Thomas, Edward R. Morrow, Raymond Gram Swing, and Gabriel Heatter. U-boats sink American ships and 300,000 US and British troops land in North Africa. Since we assume that war can never be abolished, we talk about a time when wars might become push-button and sanitized. (What did we assume we would be killing? Robots?)

In late fall nine men and eight women make the Dean's list, and 72 women pledge to seven sororities.

As regular coal-storage facilities overflow, we notice that tons of coal are piled around the heating plant next to the gym. While hoarding in some circles is considered unpatriotic, getting coal for the College is deemed prudent. We will not be cold this winter. In fact, we don't even have to cut back the heat.

In December Max Lerner comes to campus and talks about Democracy and the World Crisis. About the same time a letter from our ski-jumping champion, Ed Gignac '43, tells about being shot down in a dogfight in the Pacific. He says eight fighters and nine bombers were involved and that his face got pretty well scarred but not enough to send him back state-side. He expects to be returned to battle as soon as he's discharged from the hospital.

In Literature rap sessions we talk about Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, Thomas Mann, and Ernest Hemingway. Reginald Cook offers the opinion that



Coming of Age in World War II

By June Brogger Noble '46

The War, like everything else, was slow coming to Vermont. But having come, it shocked the isolation and provincialism that were part of the Green Mountain heritage. Afterwards things were not the same.

In the autumn of 1942 the orchards on the Cornwall Road are laden with swelling fruit and Macintosh-burdened limbs dip to the ground. Bees sip the bruised, fallen apples and the scent of sweet rot is carried on the breeze.

There is sweet rot elsewhere in the world; in Leningrad, in Corregidor, in Manila.

It is less than a year since American isolationists were silenced by a Congressional declaration of war. Fascism is not fashionable anywhere and Hitler apologists have gone underground. The rampant Axis aggression that was once excused by legislators like Borah and Fish has now been turned on us, and belatedly we are fighting back with insufficiently trained troops, decrepit destroyers, and a handful of fighter planes.

Along with scratchy woolen ski pants, long underwear, and camel's hair coats we arrive on campus with our rationing books. Stamps distinguished by color and number are good for butter, cheese, meat, coffee, sugar, shoes, and a host of other things. The books are plainly marked "Do not detach until used," yet throughout the next three years letters from home will request "this month's dairy stamp if you're not going to use it." Coffee stamps are like gold. We're supposed to turn them in to the College but half the time the kitchens forget to collect them.

President Moody has left Middlebury and, acting in his place, Stephen Freeman dumps the War on us like a bucket of ice.

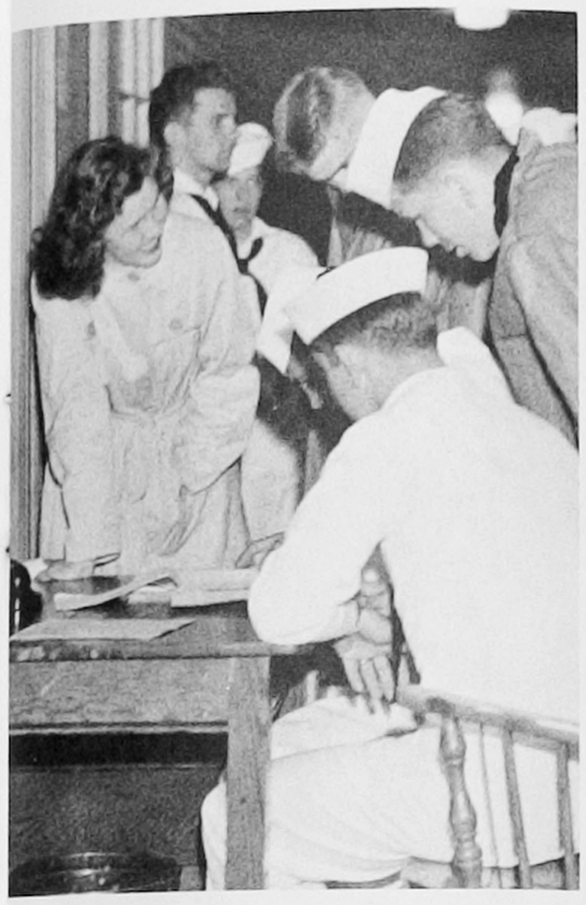
As we congregate for our first chapel service, Dr. Freeman pauses in the sacristy to don his laureate robe, then proceeds to the high-backed chairs behind the oak lectern.

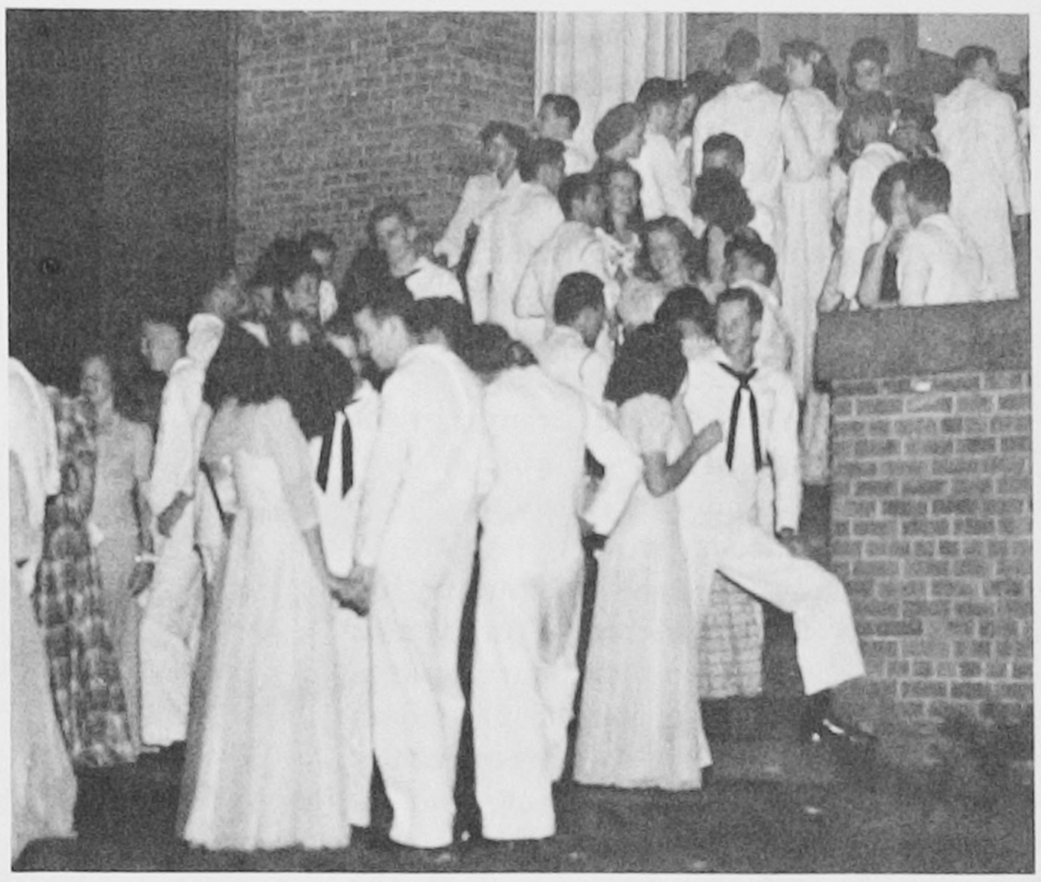
Hymnal numbers posted on either side of the choir indicate we will open with "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," and then sit still for what promises to be a long and portentous greeting for the new school year. We are not disappointed. Acting President Freeman pulls the tiny brass chain that lights the lectern and reminds us that one hundred and forty years of tradition have gone before this moment.

Tradition. The word means nothing except in retrospect. As we come to learn, traditions from this moment on will be tested, debated, and even bounced off campus.

He tells us we are on borrowed time. The men, segregated from the women and relegated to the left side of the chapel, look serious.

Freeman brings the news to the congregation. "We are stunned by the enormity and gravity of the crisis that faces this nation, this college, and each of us individually." Remarking on the devastating defeats still suffered by the Allies,





his pronouncements. He can only give us back such worship in kind by reading a new poem. We clap sufficiently to make him dredge up an encore, familiar enough with use that it is like a father's bedtime tale: he recites "Mending Fences" as ritualistically as a septuagenarian priest saying Mass.

Although the midshipmen do not turn out to hear Robert Frost, they push us into doing something about getting a recreation lounge. Ironically, Admissions Director "Cap" Wiley has left the College to head a USO unit, but no one has given thought to the fact that even with 500 Naval Cadets on campus there is absolutely no place to have a cup of coffee, smoke a cigarette, or (Navy lingo) bat the breeze. We petition for a lounge and, after financial and moral agonizing, the College agrees to open the Chi Psi house. "The Lodge," as it is called, opens the same week that the Ben Franklin store announces they have received a shipment of candy, and word is passed that cigarettes have arrived at the A&P. The do-it-yourself rolling machines, the Prince Albert tobacco, and Zig Zag papers are put aside for the moment as nicotine hounds wait in line for ready-made packs of Old Golds or Lucky Strikes.

Opening day at the Lodge goes a long way to aid fraternization between the saddle-shoes crowd and the apprentice seamen, but a trembling Administration with visions of petting and fornication issues an edict to the Women's College: "Until such time as we can secure suitable permanent chaperones, you will be able to use the Lodge only when faculty chaperones are present."

The Administration *in loco parentis* has spoken and, brainwashed as we are into believing that each new privilege must be tediously earned, we go along with it. It will be almost two years before the chaperone problem is completely solved and a permanent housekeeper is found to guard the chastity of the girls.

Yet not all of the campus remains compliant and agreeable about the status quo at Middlebury; out of the bland pudding into which many of us are content to settle come people like Elaine King '45, Audrey Nunnemacher '45, and Ed Bronner '46. They challenge compulsory chapel, sororities, prejudice, and the capitalist system. Their indignation takes form in letters, stories, and plays. King, an avowed atheist, suffers through chapel attendance because she must or be expelled, but if anything this only makes her outspoken attacks more incisive and vehement.

Nunnemacher denounces sororities and the nonsense that their performance of "good works" is an adequate *raison d'etre*. "They have no place on campus in either wartime or peacetime," she writes. Phi Mu tries to pledge a Jewish girl and raises the attention of its national leaders who point to the constitution that says a girl must be comfortably close to 100 percent Aryan to qualify for membership. We find ourselves in an Alice-in-Wonderland situation, on the one hand fighting a madman who advances a theory of the superiority of a master Aryan race and on the other being party to schoolgirl bigotry. Schizophrenia does not prevail; Phi Mu chooses not to rush *anyone*, and it is only a matter of time before the oldest sorority in the nation leaves our campus.

Ed Bronner writes a play about Negro prejudice called "A Young American." It is produced in New York by the Blackfriars Guild and immediately acclaimed by critics as better than "Strange Fruit." Bronner, unattractive as an adolescent and muscularly lacking, is suddenly important. Most of us are too *lumpen* to realize that cheerleaders, on the other hand, rarely go on to win Nobel or Pulitzer prizes.

By 1944, while we talk about abstractions in the classroom, our extracurricular activities center almost entirely on the War effort. We volunteer for bandage rolling at the Red Cross, work at Porter Hospital, collect tin, clothing, and shoes, knit socks for the ski troops, sell and buy War stamps, and write V-letters to almost everybody we know overseas. Some of the girls who accelerated are already graduating, and for them Katharine Gibbs advertises that it's a smart girl who adds secretarial training to her college education.

Other smart girls are getting engaged and some (with special dispensation from the Dean) get married. This is a major breakthrough: in other times a married girl would not be allowed back in school. We cast sidelong looks at our married

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" has one of the most beautiful descriptions of intercourse he has ever read. We feel liberated just hearing the word "intercourse" in mixed company.

As Christmas nears it is evident that the Armed Forces have a priority on all rolling stock. There will be a record number of boys on furlough, maybe going home for the last time, so college students are instructed not to clog the trains. Middlebury handles the problem by staggering our leaving and return, and receives a final okay for 300 students to travel on each of the departing and returning trains to Boston and New York.

Late winter of '43 brings "Mrs. Miniver" to the Town Hall theater and Samuel Stratton, fresh from the War Production Board, to the Presidency of the College.

But overshadowing the appointment of a new President, from the student point of view, is what to do about Carnival. There's such a gas and food shortage that all the participating colleges have decided to drop the women's skiing events. Even getting to Bread Loaf takes too much gas, so work gets underway to ready Chipman Hill instead.

We listen to victory tunes by Fred Waring and Harry James as we clean our white sweaters and our loafers for the Klondike Rush at the high school gym. At Chipman, Johnny Gale beats the downhill record at 35.2 seconds, yet we still lose the Carnival to New Hampshire. The winter play, rehearsed in the Old Playhouse, and also presented in the high school gym, is "Out of the Frying Pan." Between acts the "Black Panthers" play "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Stompin' at the Savoy." For the boys still on campus these weeks are sweet and bitter. There is so much to put away against the days of military drill that lie ahead. Swanson's Restaurant, however, is not sentimental about departures or souvenirs; the world, as Wordsworth would say, is too much with them and a matter-of-fact request is posted in the College newspaper: "Please bring all the silver back. It is impossible to get more."

The men's enrollment continues to diminish and it is said that if we don't tie in with the Army or Navy the College could be in deep trouble. It is truly our salvation when President Stratton announces that 500 Naval officer candidates will arrive in early summer.

If the town shudders to hear that it will practically host a naval base, we hear nothing about it. The village potters along in ways inscrutable to the rest of us. We discover that the water supply which gives us periodic runs is neither chlorinated nor filtered. The Chemistry department, in test after test, tries to demonstrate that something should be done. The Board of Selectmen quashes this, and at their January meeting the town manager declares that not only is the water not harmful but he has no intention of getting into anything that's going to raise the water bills.

Elsewhere revenue is up. The people who make Chesterfield cigarettes are regularly placing half-page ads in the *Campus* advising us to buy War Bonds and to write letters and send cigarettes to the boys in uniform. But cigarettes are $1.45 a carton and even at that they are scarce as clouds over the Sahara. The Women's Army Corps ads are equally large and expensive. In a five-column spread they announce a base pay of $150 a month for a second lieutenant.

That summer, with the arrival of the Naval units, the College goes on a full wartime schedule and offers us a chance to accelerate our education. While 138

Middlebury men leave for active service, their places are taken by women and transfers. Inter-collegiate sports as we used to know them are gone for the duration; Bill Calkins '44, editor of the sports page, goes as well—and will not return.

Boys from Kentucky, Brooklyn, South Boston, and Yonkers find themselves in a college they never heard of before. "Dinglebury," some of them call it. And god, is it isolated! They wonder what there is to do besides hauling downtown to see "How Green Was My Valley" and "Yank in the RAF." They declare this backwash school is in the doldrums and set out to rescue it.

By the time fall rolls around campus conversation is heavily seasoned with "scuttlebutt," "deck," "leave," "chow," and "sack time." Money pours into the Grey Shop, the Park Diner, and Lazarus' plank-floored department store. Souvenir pillows sell briskly for high school sweethearts back home. GI bell bottoms are soon improved upon, especially by most of the Long Island contingent who have their trousers custom-made to an exaggerated fullness. They imitate Van Johnson's rolling gait as he cheekily pursues June Allyson.

The Navy sets up social committees and hires Jerry Wald to play at their first formal dance, preceded, Annapolis style, by a tea dance. They reorganize the College band and call themselves the "Blue Panthers," with Marmie Jolivette '44 as vocalist.

It is still fall when Robert Frost begins his winter tour with a poetry reading. As we walk to chapel, somebody's record player belts out the Andrews Sisters' "I Left My Heart At The Stagedoor Canteen." Mr. Frost, at the podium, looks us over and decides to say something first, from his heart. He talks about civilization and democracy. His fingertips touch the lectern as gently as his voice touches the words. He says that his idea of democracy is that it is power divided against itself so that other human traits have a chance. He tries to methodically analyze this war, but because of his innate humanity it seems beyond him. He says it is a necessary war. Yet, he says, war itself is unbearable to those people who cannot stand to lose their individuality. We know that our classmates on the front lines would offer more gut-clenching reasons for finding war "unbearable," but we lionize Robert Frost and would not differ for a moment with

ALUMNI NEWS

MILESTONES

Marriages

1935	Lester Evans '35 and Lorraine Russell, 148 Revere Street Ext., Waterbury, Conn. 06708	Oct. 5, 1974
1951	Robert Buchanan and Barbara Penn Johnson '51, 148 Revere St. Ext., Waterbury, Conn. 06708	Aug. 2, 1974
1954	Robert Kendall and Beth Headley McGrath '54, 815 Ivanhoe Dr., Northfield, Minn. 55057	Aug. 23, 1974
1960	Frederick Ayer, III '60 and Claire Labourel	Sept. 27, 1974
	James Rhoden and Barbara A. Machen '60, 15 Mopec Circle, Baltimore, Md. 21236	July 7, 1973
1962	Jon H. LeTowt '62 and Gretchen L. Good, 68 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108	Sept. 7, 1974
1963	Raleigh Clark '63 and Patricia A. Barlow	Sept., 1974
	Alan Mead and Gretchen Foley Hopper '63, RFD 2, Fairfax, Vt. 05454	June 29, 1974
1964	Cephas D. Hughes and Patricia A. Murphy '64, 1801 Drexel St., Apt. 11, Hyattsville, Md. 20783	Sept. 1974
1965	Frederick W. Stetson, II '65 and Mary E. Treat	Sept. 21, 1974
	Paul F. Clear and Susan Merveine Bozarth '65, 21 Donald Ct., Wayne, N. J. 07470	May 25, 1974
1966	Dr. Gary R. Hovinen and Elizabeth Leppman '66, 1925 Millersville Pike, Lancaster, Pa. 17603	June 29, 1974
1967	Thomas N. Westervelt '67 and Katherine A. Hilton, 805 Steele St., Laramie, Wyo. 82070	July 27, 1974
1968	Charles R. Park '68 and Betsey M. Kamp	Sept. 14, 1975
	Jeffrey Herre '68 and Susan L. Leyh, 3574 Powder Mill Rd., Apt. 202, Beltsville, Md. 20705	June 22, 1974
1969	Kenneth Nunn '69 and Claudia E. Zucker, 82 Jackson St., Northampton, Mass. 01060	Aug. 18, 1974
1970	Gary Westerman '70 and Karen L. Hutchison	Sept. 1, 1974
	Jay P. Cooper '70 and Deborah A. Jones	Sept. 14, 1974
	Frederick Herrick and Martha Antos '70, 44 Ridge Rd., W., Rochester, N. Y. 14615	Dec. 21, 1973
	Philip O'Carroll and Jean McAmbley '70, 206-2 Caryell Ct., League City, Tex. 77573	Mar. 23, 1974
1971	John C. Gambell '71 and Martha Murray '71	Oct. 13, 1974
	Paul F. Smith, Jr. and Ann T. Martin '71, Worcester, Vt. 05682	Aug. 24., 1974
	Charles Agnano and Jacquelyn T. Coleman '71, 2432 N. E. Seventh St., Apt. 7, Ocala, Fla. 32670	Nov. 15, 1974
1971, 72	Bruce E. Brennan '72 and Louise E. Gentry '71, 303½ So. Jefferson St., Lexington, Va. 24450	Aug. 24, 1974
1972	Eugenio Balaguer and Grace Parker '72, 5706 Tenth Rd., Arlington, Va. 22205	Oct. 4, 1974
	David J. Ott and Martha Torrey '72, 103 Gordon St., Apt. 4, Brighton, Mass. 02135	Aug. 25, 1974
	Stephen M. Earley and Clare L. Lepore '72, 525 So. Willard St., Burlington, Vt. 05401.	Aug. 7, 1974
	Daniel P. White, Jr. and Betsy Coquillard '72, 98 Willow Dr., Apt. 18-A, Painted Post, N. Y. 14870	Nov. 16, 1974
1972, 73	Garfield L. Miller, 3rd '72 and Martha E. McGarry '73, 330 W. 56th St., Apt. 11-M, New York, N. Y. 10019	Aug. 24, 1974
1973	Edgar E. Lindsey, III and Rebecca A. Cannon '73, 54 Massasoit St., Northampton, Mass. 01060	Sept. 29, 1974
	Thomas C. Crow and Deborah A. McMahon '73	Oct. 19, 1974
1974, 75	Richard O. Duff, Jr. '75 and Jane E. Peatling '74, 46½ Main St., Middlebury, Vt. 05753	June 1, 1974

Births

1955	Mary and Richard E. Noble '55	Gregory Stewart	Sept. 24, 1974
1957	Phyllis Libman Usticke '57 and Gordon Usticke	Roxanna Roberta	May 28, 1974
1964	Marian Demas Baade '64 and Martin Baade	Alexandra Marian	Nov. 25, 1973
1965	Vivian Goldberg Auslander '65 and David Auslander	Amy Joanna	Sept. 2, 1974
	Georgia and Paul Prentiss '65	Sharon Elizabeth	June 12, 1974
	Barbara Hazen Glidden '65 and Boynton Glidden '65	Samuel French	April 12, 1974
1966	Linnette Hannam Erhart '66 and Shepard B. Erhart	Seraphina Bliss	March 4, 1974
1968	Susan Blum Zuck '68 and F. Nicholas Zuck	John Michael	April 27, 1974

classmates and wonder "what it's like." Virginity is still as native to Middlebury as maple syrup.

"Broadway Rhythm" is playing downtown the week the revised constitution for the Women's College is laid on us. The double standard is still intact. It says, among other things, that "women shall not be permitted to smoke while walking, attending athletic events, in the living rooms or entrance halls of dormitories, or outside of buildings." So back to our bedrooms and the john.

Yet we are encouraged to examine liberal ideas. Our Culture Conferences fertilize our minds and the participants shake us with their observations. Adam Clayton Powell, between divorces, comes to Middlebury with Hazel Scott and an irreverent mouth. Granville Hicks, who later will be termed a parlor pink by the reactionary right, leads us beside the still waters of unchecked capitalism and shows use the starving people on the other side. Rockwell Kent and Muriel Rukeyser demand that one day our priorities be put in order and we subsidize art as well as wars. This is revolution talking but we won't know until the deadly Fifties how lucky we were to be permitted to question and probe like this.

Letters marked "Free Mail" arrive from odd corners of the world telling about places whose names are now linked with indescribable horrors . . . the Murmansk Run, Ardennes Bulge, Leyte Gulf, Guadalcanal. One girl receives three posthumous letters from the boy who took her to her prep-school prom. He talks about coming to Middlebury after the War and hopes she will still be there. Two weeks before the last letter arrives she receives a note from his mother telling her that an anti-tank gun blew his head off on one of the Philippines.

At least once a week in chapel we sing the Navy hymn ". . . Oh hear us as we cry to thee for those in peril on the sea."

By the spring of 1945 as the War on all fronts starts coming to an end, Middlebury applies for an ROTC unit. The National Fraternity Council decrees that hazing is abolished for all time. The College wonders where it will house its returning veterans with their wives and children and we hear that something called a "J-bar" is going to be installed at Bread Loaf after factories return to peacetime production.

"Weekend at the Waldorf," starring Van Johnson and Lana Turner, comes to Middlebury in the fall of that year. The Naval units leave for other campuses or for active duty and we girls inherit government-issue bunk beds, horsehair mattresses, and a great respect for Math and Engineering.

By January, 1946 the ranks of civilian men swell to 285. Bobo Sheehan '44, who left us two years before, is back from the Navy Air Corps and takes over as assistant football coach.

Women still dominate most of the organizations and sports. Becky Fraser '46, for one, is a solid winner in the alpine ski races at Placid and commands the attention of Paramount Pictures. The Grantland Rice Sportlight sends Academy-award-winning photographer Russ Ervin to Middlebury to make a film about skiing. Within months theaters coast-to-coast will show a solid line of ski-booted coeds bursting from the three chapel doors, snapping on their beartrap bindings, and schussing down chapel hill! The more accomplished skiing is photographed at Chipman and Bread Loaf with Polly Hodder '47 and Becky Fraser taking the slalom gates. Ervin passes a hundred pounds of equipment up the narrow belfry steps to capture a snowdrifted panoramic view from the top of Mead Chapel. "Sno Time for Learning" makes postwar history for the College.

Frank Sinatra's new release is "I Fall in Love Too Easily." The catch in his voice almost makes us weep with undefined longings. We pack the downtown auditorium for two Middlebury Players productions, "Death Takes a Holiday" and "You Can't Take It With You."

Although our tastes often run to the simple and sentimental, we are confirmed internationalists. With the defeat of the Axis powers in Europe, we can't believe that the world will settle for less than an international peace-keeping force. When the issue of what to do with the secret of the atom bomb comes up, we overwhelmingly support the view that it should be turned over to the United Nations: "Is it worth the sacrifice of our national sovereignty?", we are asked. "Yes," respond 305 students and faculty; "No," counter a meager 18.

The end of this War is not sudden, tumultuous, or joyful. Instead it comes in pieces.

The death of Roosevelt is the end of the only President we knew. The end comes, also, for Ed Gignac who, when his face had healed, was sent back to battle and shot down again. It is the end for 56 other Middlebury men. V-E day is the end in Europe and the dropping of the second atom bomb brings the end to the Pacific War.

It is also the end of jingoistic slogans and wartime sacrifices. It is the end of black and white, good guys and bad guys. It is the end of freshmen hazing. It is the end of spit and polish, drills on the campus green, and weekend reviews from the steps of Munroe Hall. It is the end of borrowed time. □

St., Eustis 32726. The **Rev. Arthur Hazen** has retired after 49 years in the parish ministry and is living at 125 Woodcrest Circle, Milton, Vt. 05468.

32

Bill Horr and his wife, Lois, left on November 1 for their winter home at 1665 Lakeside Dr., Venice, Fla. 33595. **Richard McDermott** has retired as staff supervisor with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and is living at 13 Fairview Ln., Box 225, Palm Coast, Flagler Beach, Fla. 32036.

34

Ruth McQueston is teaching secretarial science at Holyoke Community College. **Anna Tuthill White** (Mrs. Russell) is living now at 107 Jones Ln., East Sandwich, Mass. 02537. **Jesse Deutsch** of Woodbridge, N. Y. has retired and is spending the winters at 9820 So. Hollybrook Lake Dr., Apt. 209, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33025. **Vincent Sargent** has retired after 35 years with the Postal Service and as organist at Trinity Baptist Church in Brooklyn. He has done some composing, writing, and production of dramatic and musical skits. He has moved to 1229 Chesterfield Ave., Charlotte, N. C. 28205.

36

Katharine Kelley Hunt (Mrs. H. Sumner), social service director at New London (N. H.) Hospital and the Clough Extended Care Center, has been named president of the newly organized N. H.—Vt. Chapter of the Society for Hospital Social Work Directors.

37

Elizabeth Beebe Bliss (Mrs. Russell) is vital statistics clerk and cashier and clerk in the treasurer's office of the city of Newport, Vt. Her address is RFD, Derby 05829. **Dr. Frederick Stone,** formerly deputy director of the Health Services Administration in HEW, became director of the Boston University Medical Center on July 1. Dr. Stone will work with Dr. Egdahl in directing the financial and operational activities and program development of the service components of Medical Center Headquarters—including development, communications, physical plant, and fiscal affairs. He will also work with the program directors of health-services research and development, post-graduate education, hospital affiliations, and community health affairs to evaluate the Medical Center's possible contribution in such areas as health-maintenance organizations, professional standards review organization, and emergency medical services.

39

Dorothy Wing Davenport (Mrs. C. Merrell) has retired and is living in Nova Scotia. Her address is Shorecroft, Stevens Rd., RR 1, Lockeport, N. S. BOT ILO, Canada.

40

Arthur Andres is vice president and general manager of the General Electric Co. in Louisville, Ky. They had to leave their home at 208 Travois Rd. in Louisville after the tornado, but are back now.

41

Suzanne Milholland MacArthur (Mrs. Kenneth), a teacher at the Hackley School for the past seven years, is now a fifth-grade teacher at the Brunswick School in Greenwich, Conn. **Sumner House** has been named vice president of student services at New Jersey Institute of Technology. The Institute is the outgrowth of Newark College of Engineering and the many related professional programs that the College of Engineering had developed in recent years.

43

Dr. William Small is associate dean of graduate studies at Rhode Island College in Providence and is living at 64 School St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771. The **Rev. Robert Fulton** is a house parent at Plaid House, Inc. at 54 Western Ave., Morristown, N. J. 07960.

44

Dr. John Unterecker is back at the University of Hawaii teaching English. He has had a book of two poems, **Dance Sequence,** published in December by Kayak Books. His address is 1417 Alencastre St., Honolulu 96816. **Charles Proctor** is manager of national training operations with General Electric in Rockville, Md. He is living at 8707 Hidden Hill Ln., Potomac 20854. **Edith Johansen Connellee** (Mrs. Alfred) has a new address: it is Esso Pakistan Fert. Co., PO Box 5736, Karachi, Pakistan 2. Two articles written by **Althea Hall Jackson** have been accepted for publication. The first, "Three Blind Musicians," tells the story of blind English organists John Stanley, William Wolstenholme, and Alfred Hollins, and appeared in the December 1974 issue of **The Braille Musical Magazine,** published by The Royal National Institute for the Blind in London. The second article, "Fingers Were Made Before Forks," a history of the spoon, knife and fork, will appear in the May, 1975 issue of **Cricket, The Magazine for Children.** In researching this article, Althea contacted more than 100 museums. Few realize that the Pilgrims had no forks when they came to this country; forks did not become common in England and America until after 1700.

45

Dr. Neil Prentice has been promoted to professor of mathematical sciences at Denison University. He has been teaching at Denison since 1957 and headed the college computer center from 1964 to 1971.

47

Mary Ann Stevens Chesbrough (Mrs. Thomas) has returned from India. Her new address is RFD, Barnet, Vt. 05821.

48

Fred Johnston, vice president and general manager of Pfizer Genetics Operations and president of H & N, Inc., has been named chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Clemens Seed Co.

49

Memorial Day Weekend 1974 was a memorable one for the members of the Class of 1949 who attended their 25th reunion at Bread Loaf. Friday night's social hour and supper gave everyone an opportunity to renew friendships, meet spouses, assess jobs and number of children, and come to the conclusion that the Class of '49 was remarkably fit and well-preserved. The class picture, taken Saturday morning at the Field House, and the action on the tennis courts Saturday afternoon, supports this conclusion. **Connie** and **Dunc Law** had done a lot of pre-reunion preparation, **Pat Mulligan** helped to provide a nice memento of the occasion, and **Gordie Perine** gave the support that was needed from campus. The Adkins' scribes left early to be sure that Lee would be in his pulpit on Sunday morning, but understand that dancing and reminiscing went on long afterward with the help of music by Bob Seixas.

We are proud that **Henry Caswell** and **W. Kyle Prescott** are directors on the Alumni Council and that **Dave Thompson** was elected in balloting for Alumni Trustee.

Joan Locklin Cowan (Mrs. Frederick) has returned to the Canaan, Vt. School to teach sixth grade after a two-year absence. **Donald Bates,** golf coach at Berlin (Conn.) High School, has been named "Coach of the Year" by the Connecticut High School Coaches Association. In the 22 years he has coached the team, they have won the Charter Oak Conference title three times, the Northwest Conference championship twice, and placed as high as third in the state finals.

51

Charles Zucchi has retired from active service in the Army and is living now at 912 Caswell St., East Taunton, Mass. 02718.

53

Nancy Faust Dougherty (Mrs. Charles) is working part-time as a consultant in occupational therapy at Bentley Garden Nursing Home in West Haven, Conn. and living at 162 Cherry Hill Circle, Branford 06405. **Ann Findley Wohl** and her children, Charles and Richard, are living at 2380 Kohler Dr., Boulder, Colo. 80303. **Robert Brainerd** is president of the Brookline Instrument Co. in New York City and lives at 17 Peters Rd., Riverside, Conn. 06878. **Douglas Brulett** is associated with the Polk County Schools in Florida. His address is Route 2, Box 631, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

54

Beth Headley Kendall's husband, Robert, is a member of the music department at St. Olaf's College and organist and choir director at St. John the Evangelist Church in St. Paul. They are in the process of building a new home at 815 Ivanhoe Dr., Northfield, Minn. 55057. **Ray McKenzie,** who is with General Electric International, is now in Belgium. He and his wife and two children, Janice, 15, and Carol, 12, are living at Avenue de l'Orangerie 10, 1410 Waterloo. Their son, Doug, is a student at Drake University. **Pamelia Willard de Winter** (Mrs. Theo) is an instructor of the perceptually handicapped at the Spofford Pond School in Boxford, Mass.

55

Dr. Robert J. Wiley is teaching at Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science and living at 3 Donna Ln., Wayne, Pa. 19087.

Deaths

1908 **Jessamine M. Smith,** 89, died Sept. 7 in Manchester, Conn. where she had lived for over 40 years and served as head librarian at the Mary Cheney Library for over 30 years, retiring in 1952. After graduating from college she taught for a year before becoming a student at New York State Library School. She had been an assistant in the Minneapolis Public Library, the Ferguson Library (Stamford, Conn.), and the Russell Library (Middletown, Conn.) before going to the Mary Cheney Library in 1921. Miss Smith was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

1911 Word has been received of the death of **D. Harold Brooks** in Syracuse. He attended Middlebury for a year and then transferred to Syracuse where he received a degree in 1915. Later he earned a Master's at Cornell. He had taught vocational agriculture in high school, been an instructor in animal husbandry at N. Y. State Agricultural and Technical Institute, and was an associate professor at State University of New York until his retirement in the late 1950's. In 1920 he married Mary E. Howells and they had a daughter, Jane, and a son, William.

1912 **Lettie Kingsley Wheeler** (Mrs. Leon), 84, died September 27.

1913 **Emma Frost Wesley** (Mrs. John), 86, died May 13, 1974.

1917 **Fannie Hulett Pitkin** (Mrs. Paul), 81, died September 28 in Bennington, Vt. following a long illness. She is survived by her husband, **Paul '19** and two daughters, Mrs. Francis Crozier and Mrs. Olive Tamm.

1920 **Donald E. Mead,** 77, died late in the summer in Florida. Until his retirement in 1970, he was an insurance adjuster in Vermont. He had a son, Duane and a daughter, Shirley. Mr. Mead was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

1922 **Margaret Billings Shepard** (Mrs. Horace) 74, died November 5, in Danbury, Conn. After graduation from college she taught in Ashby, Mass. and Danbury, Conn. until her marriage in 1927 and again after her children were grown. She is survived by her husband and two daughters, **Deborah '56** and Prudence, and a son, Horace. Mrs. Shepard was a member of Delta Delta Delta.

1923 **Pearl Blackburn June** (Mrs. Orrin), 72, died October 8. Before her marriage she taught at Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt.; Colegio Howard, Puebla, Mexico; Richford (Vt.) High School; and for 32 years was a teacher in the Stratford (Conn.) High School. She had done graduate work at Columbia and New York Universities. Survivors are two brothers, **Gordon Blackburn '28,** and Dr. Richard Blackburn. Mrs. June was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

1923 **Livingstone de Lancey,** 74, died September 29, in California. He attended Middlebury for a year and took his degree at Harvard in 1923. He also held a Master's from University of Vermont. From 1927-1935 he taught at the Peddie School and then went to the Metairie Park Country Day School in New Orleans as head of the modern language department and dean of the high school and residences. In 1969 he retired. On December 27, 1924 he married Ruth McMillin and they had a son, Livingstone, and a daughter, Patricia.

1924 Word has been received of the death of **Adaline Angier Shea** (Mrs. Edward). After graduating from Middlebury she attended Bay Path Institute and was a legal secretary in Brattleboro, Vt. before teaching in Brattleboro High School. In 1929 she married Edward Shea and they had one daughter, Sheila. Mrs. Shea was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Xi Delta.

1935 **Alice Cooke Brown** (Mrs. John), 61, died November 3 in Rutland, Vt., following a long illness. She had earned a Master's and a PhD at New York University. She had been a teacher for most of her life, the past few years a social-science teacher at Green Mountain Junior College. From 1945-47 she was Director of Admissions and Dean of Freshman Women at Middlebury. Alice authored several books and was well known as an artist. Her latest book is on Vermont art. She was prominent as a lecturer throughout Vermont and had been listed in several editions of **Who's Who Among American Women.** An authority on the United Nations, she often lectured on the subject. She is survived by her husband, **John '43.** Alice was a member of Sigma Kappa.

1935 **John Schoonmaker,** 60, died May 4, 1974 in Poughkeepsie. Since his graduation, he worked for IBM as a cost analyst. John was a member of Chi Psi.

1936 **Bernard J. O'Neill,** 61, died September 1 after a short illness. After graduation from Middlebury he attended Harvard Business School for two years. Before the war he had worked for the American Smelting and Refining Co. and Stevenson, Jordan and Harrison. He served as a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve for three years. In 1946 he joined Nicholson File Co. as cost accountant and later served as vice president of finance and director of the company. For the past two years he had been management consultant with General Business Services, Inc. Survivors are two sons, James and Charles. Bernard was a member of Chi Psi.

1938 **Dr. William H. Arnone,** 60, died November 12 in Brockton, Mass. following a long period of ill health. He was a graduate of New York University School of Medicine and had also studied at Cook Medical School in Chicago. In 1944 he was appointed to the faculty of Boston University School of Medicine as assistant in pediatrics. In 1948 he became chief of pediatric services at Brockton Hospital and held that position at the time of his death. For fourteen years he served on the Brockton School Committee and to honor him the Central Community School was renamed the Dr. William H. Arnone Community School. Survivors are his wife, the former Jane Rouleau, four sons, Michael, Peter, Paul and William, Jr. and two daughters, Mrs. James D'Ambrose (Jean) and Jane. Dr. Arnone was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and Nu Sigma.

1940 **Edith Finley Donahue** (Mrs.) died at her home on November 7 as a result of an accidental fall. She is survived by three sons, Peter, Paul and Dennis, and a daughter, Anne Allen. Edith was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

CLASS NOTES

19

Anne Novak Merrill (Mrs. Perry) was honored by the American Association of University Women as a 50-year member of the Association. Only one other Vermont woman has ever qualified for this honor. She served as president of the Montpelier chapter of the Association from 1937 to 1939 and as corresponding secretary at the state level.

20

Anne Littlefield Locklin '22 and her husband, **Philip '20,** observed their fiftieth anniversary September 1 at an open house at their cottage on Lake Seymour in Morgan, Vt. They live in Urbana, Ill. during the winter and spend summers at Locklin Lodge which they built in 1950. They have two sons, Robert of Burlington, Vt. and David of Columbus, O. A family dinner was held at Seymour Lodge and their son, Robert, presented them with a memory book of pictures, letters, and articles.

22

Margaret "Dicky" Dickinson Gray and Latham have a new address: Colony House, Apt. 51, 800 Scenic Highway, Pensacola, Fla. 32503. **Bob** and Natalie **Whitney** were guests of **Lou** and Betty **Donnelly** at their home in Connecticut this past summer. When **Bill** and Marj **Cole** attended their granddaughter's wedding in Washington state they spent three weeks touring the northwest. Especially memorable was their trip along the Columbia River to Portland, then to the coast and down to Sacramento and on to San Francisco. Bill has retired from his teaching duties at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania. **Louis Donnelly** is an active partner in the New York Stock Exchange firm of Richard W. Clarke and Co. and has written for the current issue of **Electrical World.** He has specialized for a dozen years in the utility industry and his writings feature these stocks. Lou and Betty visited **Hadley** and Priscilla **Spear** in Worcester this past summer.

23

Mildred Kienle attended a Delta Kappa Gamma meeting in Seattle and then went on to Alaska for a month's trip in August. **Esther Langwill** had a trip to Barbados in October. **Evelyn Ryle** attended Sigma Kappa's 100th anniversary celebration in June at Wentworth-by-the-Sea. **Barbara Browning Hunter** visited Middlebury for Al's fiftieth reunion, has visited their children in Ohio and Vermont and for the winter will be at her Florida address: 6300 Midnight Pass Rd., Apt. 63, Sarasota. **Helen Prageman** reports the sad news of **Pearl Blackburn June's** death on October 8.

31

Robert Calef has retired as an active officer of the Keene (N. H.) National Bank but will continue to serve as chairman of the board. He has been with the bank for 43 years serving as cashier, executive vice president, and chief executive officer and president since 1968. He and his wife are planning a trip to Hawaii. **John** and Elizabeth **Kelly** are in Florida. Their address is 419 So. Mary

Commission in Utica, N. Y. He and his wife, **Judith Rasmussen '66**, are living at 112 Proctor Blvd., Utica 13501. **Jeanie Distin McAdams** and her husband, Joseph, are owners and operators of California City Soaring, Ltd. at the California City Airport, 6301 Lindbergh Blvd., California City 93505. **Paul Prentiss** is associated now with the law firm of Levin, Blumenthal, Herz and Levin in Milwaukee. **Dr. Peter Delfausse** is a psychiatrist and director of Unit 6 at the New Hampshire Hospital in Concord. He and his wife, **Olivia Hall '66**, are living at 24 Ridge Rd., Concord 03301. **Jennifer Starr Johnson** (Mrs. Michael) is a producer-director of public affairs programming at WSSR, the educational radio station at Sangamon State University. She is in charge of student staff members as well as producing and hosting an afternoon talk program. Jiffy is also the new coordinator of an area Consumer Council, part of the State of Illinois Office of the Consumer Advocate. She directs the activities of the newly-formed Council in Springfield. Before moving to Springfield she started the Council for the Champaign area. Her husband is an engineer with the Illinois Office of Telecommunications. They are living at 1 Candlewood, Apt. 7, Springfield 62704. **Gertraud Gutzmann Brodhead** and her husband, **John '66**, are living at 623 Lincoln Apts., Amherst, Mass. 01002. Gertraud is an instructor in German at Smith College. **Robert Hintermaier** is a petroleum engineer with Exxon in Midland, Tex. and is living at 3209 Cimmaron, Midland 79701.

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Elizabeth Leppman is married to Dr. Gary R. Hovinen who taught geography at Middlebury from 1971 to 1973. He is now teaching at Millersville (Pa.) State College and they live at 1925 Millersville Pike, Lancaster, Pa. 17603. **David Richardson** is in real estate investment and mortgage analysis with the Old Stone Bank of Providence. He and his wife, **Nancy Brooks, '68**, are living at 62 Everett Ave., Providence 02906. **Dennis Harrington** is a sales representative with Olin Ski Co. and is living at 26 Barton Hill, East Hampton, Conn. 06424. **Wayne Halliwell** is on leave from Dawson College and is studying for a PhD at Florida State College. He will return to Montreal from March through August, 1976, to work with the 1976 Olympic Games Planning Committee. His address is 2020 Continental Ave., Apt. 218, Tallahassee 32306. **William Ames** is working for Welch and Forbes in Boston and living at 51 Main St., No. Easton, Mass. 02356. **Mark O'Reilly** passed the Colorado bar examination in September and is practicing law with Charles D. Burg in Denver. He lives at 190 High St., Denver 80218. **Robert Wishart**, formerly clerk to the Hon. Eugene A. Gordon, chief judge of U. S. District Court in North Carolina, has become associated with the law firm of Allen, Allen and Bateman in Burlington, N. C. His address is Route 1, Box 101-A, Lot 197, Whitsett, N. C. 27377. **John Hayden** is employed by the Hayden Corp. in West Springfield, Mass. and is living at 20 Craiwell Ave., West Springfield 01089. **Janet Langdon** is on the editorial staff of **Vermont News Guide.** Her address is RFD, Windham, W. Townsend, Vt. 05359. **Donald Snyder** is a planner with the Minneapolis Housing Redevelopment Authority, initiating locally financed home rehabilitation programs. At the present time he is working on an urban homesteading program. Don and his wife and two daughters, Laura, 2½ and **Amy**, 1, are living at 12707 Pheasant Run, Burnsville, Minn. 55337. **Linette Hannam Erhart** is living in Franklin, Me. on a salt-water farm on Hog Bay. Her husband, Shepard runs a health food store in Ellsworth and they have a growing business gathering and drying edible seaweed for sale.

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Sandy Shaw completed his PhD in Romance linguistics this summer at Cornell. In the fall, he and his wife, **Nancy Tillinghast '69**, returned to Peru for a third year of service with the Wycliffe Bible Translators—Summer Institute of Linguistics in the jungle missionary community at Yarinacocha. Sandy is teaching Spanish to English-speaking children of missionaries, in grades 7 through 12 of the missionary school system, which has a student body of 150. Nancy is again involved in nursing and pharmacology in the missionary clinic. Their address in Peru, at least until June, 1975, will be Casilla 2492, Lima 100. **Dr. Stephen Banister** is a second-year resident at Merced Community Medical Center. His address is 1835 E. Santa Fe Ave., Merced, Calif. 95340. **Myron Lee** is a landscaper with Vernon McVickar in Chatham, Mass. He and his wife, **Diane Zaremba**, are living on RFD 1, Route 39, E. Harwich 02645. **Katherine Horton** is associated with Horton's Wood Works, fine cabinetry and stained glass framing, in Denver. She lives at 5190 Parfet St., Wheatridge 80033. **Paul O'Neill** and his wife, **Mary-Jane Cooper**, are living at 21 Irvine Ave., Providence 03960. Paul is an instructor in film production at the Rhode Island School of Design. **Tom Sheldon** has been appointed assistant to the Associate Commissioner for the Professions in the New York State Education Department. He is also a doctoral student in educational research at SUNY in Albany. His wife, **Virginia Callan '68**, is also attending the University and doing volunteer tutoring in reading. They are living at 25 Stony Brook Dr., Rexford 12148. **Susan Frier Goodrich** is studying for an MBA at Wharton School of Finance and doing some consulting for the admissions office at Boston College. She lives at 2116 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. **Peter Kovner** is an actor at the Reality Theater at the Boston Center for Arts. He lives at 1236 Washington St., Gloucester 01930.

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Richard Wilson, formerly of the Vermont State Planning Office and the biology department of Yale University, has been elected director of the Conservation Society of Southern Vermont. He will continue a project, funded by the state under the auspices of the Dept. of Forests and Parks, studying the potential of burning wood for the generation of electricity in Vermont. **David Hubbard** is assistant general counsel with the International Playtex Co. in New York and is living at 294 W. 92nd St., Apt. 4-D, New York 10025. **David Ruberg** is a member of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Denver. He is living at 12100 Huron, Apt. 202, Denver 80234. **John Howland** is a copy editor with the **Burlington Free Press** and is living at 187 College St., Burlington 05401. **Charles Daugherty** is an instructor in zoology at the University of Montana where he is completing his PhD. He will be teaching courses in population genetics and evolution. **Isabel Perkins** is assistant marketing director with Settebello International in Boston. She lives at 192 Appleton St., Cambridge 02138. **Kathleen Jenks** is a planning analyst for the town of Springfield, Vt. Her address is Box 404, Chester 05143. **Joseph Patute** is teaching in Bristol, Vt. His address is Box 80, Ripton, Vt. 05766. **Glen Wehrwein** is enrolled in the Northeastern University School of Accounting and during the first quarter of 1975 will be working for Arthur Anderson and Co. as part of the program. He is living at 1353 Commonwealth Ave., Apt. 2, Allston, Mass. 02134. **Xavieria Eichholtz** is a counselor at the Mary Hogan School in Middlebury and is a teacher in the evening division at the University of Vermont. Her address is RD 1, Salisbury, Vt. 05769. **Joan Waltermire** is a laboratory technician and graduate student at New York Botanical Gardens. She lives at 2701 Valentine Ave., Apt. 305, Bronx, N. Y. 10458. **Ann Masotti Hengerer** (Mrs. Edward) is a French teacher at Marymount School in Arlington, Va. and is living at 5901 Cranston Rd., Washington, D. C. 20016. **Sally Danz Sibulkin** (Mrs. Jason) is an English instructor at Delaware Technical and Community College in Dover, Del. and is living at 959 McDowell Dr., Dover 19901. **Gerry Goodrich** passed the Massachusetts bar examination last summer and is now a national coordinator for Ox-Fam, the world relief organization. His address is 14 Fernwood Ave., Bradford, Mass. 01830.

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The **Rev. Stephen Gray** is pastor of Brookmeade Congregational Church in Nashville, Tenn. His address is 722 Bresslyn Rd., Nashville 37205. **Jean Baldwin** has been named general counsel for the Banking and Insurance Department in Montpelier, Vt. **Peter Reynolds** is teaching at the RAF Woodbridge Elementary School in Suffolk, England. His address is Box 222, APO New York 09405. **Neil Scheinin** is working with the Dept. of Public Welfare in Philadelphia and living at 931 Cilnton St., Apt. 519, Philadelphia 19107. **Bentley Myer** is a stockbroker with Merrill Lynch in Boston and is living at 293 Beacon St., Apt. 9, Boston 02115. **James Hill** is studying for a Master's in public administration at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst and living at 76 Dyer Ave., Milton 02187. **Sandra Sapp Dooley** (Mrs. John) is an instructor in the Human Services Division at Champlain College in Burlington, Vt. She is teaching courses and supervising agency field placements for students specializing in the social services area of human services. Her address is 44 East Terr., So. Burlington 05401. **Richmond Edes** has joined the law firm of Eaton, Edes and McNally, 7 Main St., Concord, Mass. He lives at 253 Elm St., Concord 01742. **James Soja** is teaching U. S. history and anthropology at Wilbraham and Monson Academy in Easthampton, Mass. **Myra Martin Mac Cuaig** and her husband, Randall, have moved to 134 Brook Hollow, Hanover, N. H. 03755. Randy has entered Amos Tuck School to study for an MBA and Myra is assistant to the coordinator of The Arts Exchange in Hanover. **Helene Lawrence Gundersen** (Mrs.) is a psychiatric aid at Tulsa Psychiatric Center and living at 1555 Swan Dr., Tulsa 74120.

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Susan Porter Beffel's new address is c/o Edwin L. Beffel, U. S. Consulate-Bilbas, APO New York 09285. **Jeff Taylor** is studying for a Master's in

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Charles Peterman is senior market analyst with the Farrel Co. in Ansonia, Conn. and is living at 208 Nan Dr., Orange 06477. **Thomas Hart** is national sales manager with GTE-Sylvania-Wilbur B. Driver Co. in Newark, N. J. His address is 1262 Mt. Airy Rd., Basking Ridge 07920. **Susan Little Kramaric,** her husband and 13-year old daughter, Karen, have moved from McLean, Va. to 242 Branchbrook Rd. in Wilton, Conn. 06897. Mr. Kramaric is a corporation lawyer in New York City, specializing in international law. **Nancy Marvin Hall** (Mrs.) has joined the Fenn School faculty in Concord, Mass. to head its new learning disability program. Nancy is a graduate of the Children's Hospital Language Training Clinic and is currently working on her Master's in learning disability at Lesley College. **Dwight Stimson** has been appointed chief operating officer of the Factory Mutual Engineering Corp. He joined Factory Mutual in 1970 as vice president of finance and corporate planning. **Joan Waddell Coggins** (Mrs. David) is an elementary teacher at Christian School of Camden County and is living at 1630 Oak Ave., Haddon Heights, N. J. 08035. **Bernard Bouvier** is back in Boston as Western regional director of group sales with New England Life Insurance and is living at 7 Highland Rd., Acton 01720.

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Lee Johnson Howell (Mrs. Peter) is a licensed real estate broker with Needham (Mass.) Realty. **Phyllis Libman Usticke** has moved to 98 Clifton Ave. in Kingston, N. Y. 12401. **Dr. Thomas Hamilton,** who has been in the geology department at the University of Alaska, has a new address. It is Alaska Geology Branch, U. S. Geological Survey, 345 Middlefield Rd., Menlo Park, Calif. 94025. **Charles Sykes,** who is with CARE and has been stationed in Pakistan and India for the past eight years, is now in Egypt. His address is CARE-Arab Republic of Egypt, P. O. Box 2019, Cairo. **Barbara Wilson Woolman** (Mrs. Joseph) is a sixth-grade teacher in the David Avenue Elementary School in Pacific Grove, Calif. and living at 1101 Arroye Dr., Pebble Beach 93953. **John Middleton** has been appointed editor of **Hospital Physician** magazine. John joined the magazine in 1967. **Dewey Eitner** is supervisor of network data administrative systems with AT&T in New York. He lives at 115 Rutgers Ave., Berkeley Heights, N. J. 07922. The **Rev. Edward Clapp** is pastor of the First Congregational Church in Rutland, N. Y. His address is RD 2, Watertown 13601.

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Elizabeth Conti Bellavance and her family which includes Gene, 7, Sarah, 6, Genevieve, 4, and Emily, 1, are living at 45 Hundreds Rd., Westborough, Mass. 01581. Her husband, Thomas, is dean of undergraduate studies at Framingham State College. **William Locke,** formerly marketing manager in the Architectural Ceiling Systems, has been named general sales manager of the Industry Products Division of Armstrong Cork Co. The **Rev. Alan Bond** is pastor of the Congregational United Church of Christ in Scottsdale, Ariz. and lives at 4420 No. 85th St., Scottsdale 85251.

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Prudence Smart has been named manager of advertising and public relations for the Ris Paper Co. in New York City, where she will coordinate corporate and divisional advertising and PR activities. **Lewis Parker** has been appointed an investment counselor with the D. J. Henry Co. of So. Windsor, Conn., a real estate firm specializing in the formation and management of limited partnerships in local real estate properties. He was formerly chief chemist and head of product development with the Fuller Brush Co. **Dr. Warren Lasell** has been appointed coordinator of the Career Education Project at the University of Northern Colorado. He and his family live at 1805 26th Avenue Pl., Greeley 80631. **Robert Chapman** is mail-marketing and field-support manager with the Research Institute of America in New York City. He lives at 41 King St., Norwalk, Conn. 06851.

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Susan Houssman Moinester (Mrs. Murray) is a violin teacher in Israel. She and her family, which includes two daughters, Ruth, 3, and Nina, 1½, are living at 95 University St., Apt. 12, Ramat Aviv. **Sherburn Merrill** has been appointed assistant secretary in individual insurance operations at Connecticut General Life Insurance. **Barbara Machen** was married to James Rhoden in July, 1973 and now has a daughter, Jamie Lee, born May 25, 1974. Barbara is a physical therapist at the Montevello Center in Baltimore, Md. She and her family are living at 15-A Mopec Circle, Baltimore 21236. **Jane Bryant Quinn** (Mrs. David), former editor and general manager of the **Business Week Letter,** will write a personal finance column, "Money," three times a week for **The Evening Gazette** of Worcester, Mass. Jane has contributed articles to **New York** magazine on personal finance and has also appeared as a business commentator on WPIX-TV in New York City.

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Judy Starbuck Hanneman (Mrs. William) writes that she has had a foster child from Mexico, Raul, two years old, for a few months. He came up from Mexico for cleft-palate surgery and will be returning to his family. Her family, Jill, 8, Hennifer, 5½ and Jeff, 3, have enjoyed the new member and are reluctant to have him leave. **Peter Spalding** was assigned to the American Embassy in Pretoria as regional administrator for a few months. In December he resumed his duties at the State Dept. in Washington. To quote from his letter "I am having a fascinating time with official trips to such exciting spots as Angola and Mozambique, whose destiny is changing at a rapid pace, and visits to other places such as Swaziland, Mauritius and Madagascar." While in Africa he spent some time in the bush on safari and on his next trip is planning to visit the Okavango Swamps of Northern Botswana. His Washington address is 3128 "P" St., NW, Washington 20007.

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Ahren Cohen is manager of strategic planning with the food service equipment department of General Electric in Chicago. He lives at 2506 Oakwood, Olympia Fields 60461. **John Picker,** a consultant in Connecticut Mutual Life's business and estate plans department, has been awarded the Chartered Life Underwriter designation by the American College of Life Underwriters. **Herrick Laylin** is manager of groups and charters with Pan American World Airways in San Francisco. He lives at 3301 Fasman Dr., San Bruno 94066. **Carrie Kittell** is living now at 2724 Mayfield Rd., Apt. 1, Cleveland Heights, O. 44118.

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Richard Dauer has been promoted to assistant head of the Williams School in New London, Conn. **Dr. Edward Hixson** is an associate with Merkel, Decker, Mertel and Hixson, surgeons, in Saranac Lake, N. Y. He lives at 103 Riverside Dr., Saranac Lake, 12983. **Jenny Squires Wilker** is living in Vermont with her two boys, Joshua, 6½, and Ian, 9. Their address is RFD 1, Randolph Center 05061. **Frank Hill** is an agent with Equitable Life Assurance Society in Van Nuys, Calif. He lives at 14403 Addison, Sherman Oaks 91403. **Gretchen Foley Mead** (Mrs.) is working for Garden Way in So. Burlington, Vt. She gives seminars on gardening and food and is co-writing a home food preservation book. Her address is RFD 2, Fairfax, Vt. 05454.

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Susan Kintner is chief of the special services division of The Wheeler Affiliates, a regional health center that serves central Connecticut from headquarters in Plainville. She lives at 1344 Wolf Hill Rd., Cheshire 06410. **David Holmes** has received his PhD from the University of Denver and is assistant professor of education at the University of Vermont. His address is RFD, Charlotte, Vt. 05445. **Robert Trevorrow** is manager of corporate cases and investment with Peterson, Howell and Heather in Hunt Valley, Md. His address is Route 1-M, Box 219, Taneytown 21787. **Dr. Molly Buffum Turlish** (Mrs. Lewis) has been elected to a three-year term on the Maine Humanities Council, the group responsible for administering the state-based program of the National Endowment for the Humanities in Maine. Molly has been a lecturer in English and international student adviser at Bates College and is program director for the Lewiston Public Library. **Millar Brace** is director of marketing with the New Readers Press in Syracuse. He lives at 1315 Deerfield Rd., E. Syracuse 13057. **Richard Seybolt** has received a PhD from Indiana and is now assistant professor of Spanish language and literature at the University of Minnesota. His address is 1917 Kent Rd., Duluth 55812. **Alice Johnson Vernon** (Mrs. Robert) is living in England where her husband is director of marketing, European Division of Sperry Univac. Her address for the next two to three years is Eaton Grange Cottage, Fairmile Ln., Cobham, Surrey KY11 2DQ, England. **Patricia Murphy Hughes** (Mrs. Cephas) is a programmer with General Electric's Information Services Business division in Maryland and her husband is a mathematics instructor at Bowie State College. They are living at 1801 Drexel St., Apt. 11, Hyattsville, Md. 20783. **Neil Moss,** Bennington County's State's Attorney, is teaching a course in criminal law at St. Joseph College in Bennington.

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Peter Teige was transferred to Brussels, Belgium by Owens-Illinois on October 1. Mail will reach him at Owens-Illinois, International Div., PO Box 1035, Madison Ave., Toledo, O. 43666. **Robert Moore** received a Master's in urban planning from New York University in 1972 and is now senior urban planner with Oneida County Planning

Curtis) is teaching in the Springfield (Ill.) Public Schools and living at 1809 Seven Pines Rd., Apt. 9, Springfield 62704. **Albert Coffrin** began work for a degree at Columbia Graduate School of Business in January. He and his wife, **Barbara Druker,** are living at 535 W. 110th St., Apt. 4-A, New York 10025. **Marcia Muller** is an actuarial assistant with New England Mutual Life Insurance in Boston. **Susan Hoffman** is a French teacher at the Windham-Ashland-Jewett Central School in Windham, N. Y. Her address is Box 243, Windham 12496. **Maristella Jelencovich** is a bilingual assistant with Montedison USA, Inc. in New York and is living at 415 W. 46th St., Apt. 1-A, New York 10036. **Bruce Brennan** is a law student at Washington and Lee. He and his wife, **Louise Gentry '71,** are living at 303½ So. Jefferson St., Lexington, Va. 24450. **James Hefti** is in the college marketing program with Aetna Life and Casualty in Wellesley, Mass. He lives at 1 Washington St., Wellesley Hills 02181.

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Philip Fitz is a teacher at the Day Care Center in Middlebury and is living at 56 Court St., Middlebury 05753. **Jay Aronson** is a teacher and house parent at the Rock Point School, Burlington, Vt. 05401. **Dave Twichell** is working with the U. S. Geological Survey at the marine geology branch in Woods Hole, Mass. He will be involved in a preliminary survey of potential oil rights off the East coast. He and his wife, **Nancy Piskor,** are living at 49-B King St., Falmouth, Mass. 02540. **Melvin McLeod** writes half of **Spotlite,** a small tabloid out of Montreal with U.S. distribution. He writes under the name of Dr. Sigismund Voghel, among others. **John Sorenson** is a student at Packman Graduate School of Landscape Architecture at the Univ. of Michigan. His address is 451 So. Fourth Ave., Ann Arbor 48104. **Robert Screen** is a staff accountant with Price Waterhouse in Boston. He and his wife, **Nancy Tucker,** are living at 160 Mill St., Natick 01760. **Robert Hanbury** is studying for an MBA at Boston Univ. and living at 15 Rangeley Rd., Watertown 02172. **Robert McGirr** is a marine geology research assistant at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. His address is P. O. Box 478, Woods Hole, Mass. 02540. **Mary Farley** received a Master of Education in guidance and psychological services from Springfield College in 1974 and was employed as head resident of N. Rockefeller Hall at Mt. Holyoke. She is now secretary and assistant to the assistant dean of the graduate school at MIT. Her address is 121 Park Dr., Apt. 1, Boston 02215. **Frederick Jackson** is an actuarial student at National Life Insurance Co. and is living at 2½ St. Paul St., Montpelier, Vt. 05602. **Ellen Korpela Peck** and **Milo Peck** have moved to 21 Weymouth Ave., West Roxbury, Mass. 02132. Ellen began work in September on a Master's in social work at BU. Rusty received his Master's in accounting from Northeastern in August and is working now as senior accountant in the New England Merchant's Bank. **Clay Tedeschi** is a lawyer's assistant in estates and trust with the law firm of Rubin, Wachtel, Baum and Levin in New York. He lives at 387-K Grand St., New York 10002. **Nancy Storer** is a travel agent with Crimson Travel Service in Boston and lives at 40 Lee St., Cambridge 02138.

William Burke is teaching English and coaching varsity hockey and baseball in addition to JV football at the Holderness School in Plymouth, N. H. **Stephanie Blankenship** is a piano teacher and glee club accompanist at The Bishop's School in La Jolla, Calif. She lives at 119 Coast Blvd. La Jolla 92037. **Joan Molino** is a graduate student in East Asian Studies at Indiana. Her address is 214 Eigenmann Hall, Indiana Univ., Bloomington 47401. **Roger Bowman** is an instructor at Colorado Outward Bound School, Lake City 81235. **Zelda Geyer** is a student in the Yale Graduate School of Epidemiology and Public Health. She lives at 16 Atkins St., Apt. 4, Meriden 06037. **Robert Ensign** is a graduate student in counseling at Oregon and living at 441 E. 13th St., Eugene 97403. **Patricia Bataes** is a child-care worker with the Adolescent Drug Rehabilitation Unit in Meriden, Conn. and living at 16 Atkins St., Apt. 4, Meriden 06450. **Hugh McElaney** is teaching English at Commonwealth High School in Hato Rey, Puerto Rico. His address is Christopher's Guest House, 2210 General Del Valle, Santurce 00913. **Kirk Brennan** is assistant television buyer/radio buyer for Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and several satellite markets with McCann Erickson of New York. He lives at 302 E. 94th St., New York 10028. **Richard Collister** is an engineer with GW Plastics Engineers, Inc. in Bethel, Vt. His address is 77 Central St., Woodstock 05091. **Donald Mesler** is chief of police in Hardwick, Vt. **Keith Oberg** was in Bogota, Colombia at the University of the Andes, finishing up his scholarship year (Rotary International Fellowship) until December 15. He can now be reached at his home, 145 Columbia Dr., Williamsville, N. Y. 14221. Next September he will begin study for a Master's at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. **Christine Robbins** is working on a project at the Univ. of California Marine Physical Laboratory to study the measurement of ocean pollution. Her address is 423 W. University Ave., San Diego 92103. **Michael Downs** is associated with the North Bennington International Experimental Singing Institute. The Institute is conducting an intensive two-month workshop in the arts this winter in the southeastern United States. His address is Box 451, No. Bennington, Vt. 05257. **Duane Kline,** formerly a reporter with the **Wyoming Eagle,** is now editor of the **Green Mountain Gazette** in Hardwick, Vt. His address is RR1, East Calais 05650.

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Russell Anderson is a sales representative and associate with Cedric Spring and Associates in St. Charles, Ill. He is living at 434 Carriage Dr., Apt. 1-A, West, Chicago 60185. **Lindsey Keck** is an inventor's assistant with Brandt Associates in Martins Creek, Pa. His address is Box 292, Martins Creek 18063. **Martha Lhamon** is a music education teacher with the Peace Corps in Ecuador. Her address is c/o American Embassy, Quito, Ecuador. **Mark Patlovich** is doing research in genetics on Tay Sachs disease at Jefferson Medical College. He lives at 3911 Henry Ave., Philadelphia 19129. **Marianne Vander Feltz** is an assistant in the department of illustration and documentation with Elsevier Nederland Publishing Co. Her address is Stadionweg 21, Amsterdam, Holland. **Lauren Singer** is studying for a Master's in education at the Univ. of Vermont. **Kristin Hardy Kenlan (Mrs. Kevin)** is a science and mathematics teacher at the Union High School in East Montpelier, Vt. She lives at 1375 Hinesburg Rd., So. Burlington 05401. **Evan Sorett** is an inhalation therapist in training at the United Hospital of Newark Medical Center. He lives at 407 Stirling Ave., So. Orange 07079. **Craige Knopf** is a gardener with Mahoney's Rocky Ledge Farm and Nursery in Winchester, Mass. **Susan Panitz** is studying museum work in Italy and France. **Alan Harvey** is a student at the Univ. of Connecticut School of Dental Medicine. **Michelle Ford** is working for the John S. Swift Co. in Highland Park, N. J. **Paul Graef** is a management trainee with the Union Savings Bank of Danbury, Conn. **Eric Waldron** is a teller at the Watertown (Mass.) Savings Bank. **Jane Winsor** is a computer programmer with First National Bank of Boston. She lives at 46 Ackers Ave., Brookline 92146. **Anita Rosencrantz** has her own weaving shop at Strawbery Banke (museum) in Portsmouth, N. H. Her address is Strawbery Banke, Box 500, Portsmouth 03801. **Elizabeth Lloyd** is a student at the University of Arizona working for an elementary education teaching certificate. Her address is 2116-B No. Forgeus Ave., Tucson 85716. **Christian Frankel** is touring Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Hawaii. Mail will reach him at 3408 E. Yukon, Tampa, Fla. 33604. **John Duncan** is recreation and dorm leader at Pine Ridge School. His address is RD 1, Box 294-A, Williston, Vt. 05495. **Lois Annick** is a student at Yale Divinity School. Her address is Box 7, Yale Divinity School, 409 Prospect St., New Haven 06510. **Lawrence Athan** is a graduate student in government at Georgetown. He lives at 1931 Wilson Ln., McLean, Va. 22101.

Joyce Hill is attending the Institute for Paralegal Training in Philadelphia. **Daniel Volkmann** is working at Alta Ski Lodge in Utah. **Anne Fuller** is a student at Queen's College, majoring in African Studies. **Jan Crean** is receptionist with Schreiber, O'Hara, Brownstein, Inc. in Philadelphia. **Andrew Meldrum** is editor of the **North Summit Times,** a weekly newspaper in Hudson, O. **David Parker** is a substitute teacher in social studies at Brattleboro (Vt.) Union High School. **John Webb** is a student at the Univ. of Illinois Medical School. **William Landry** is a child-care worker at Montreal Day Nursery. **Robert Searles** is attending William Mitchell College of Law in St. Paul, Minn. **Carol Hatch** is a secretary at New England Baptist Hospital in Boston and is also studying dance technique and composition with Mimi Kagan Kim. She is living at 16 Happy Hollow Rd., Wayland 01778. **Daria Stec** is a student at Catholic University Law School. **Lisa Anderson** is a graduate student in political science at the Univ. of Chicago. She is living at 4700 So. Lake Park, Apt. 606, Chicago 60615. **Christine Cordy** is an underwriter trainee with Kemper Insurance in No. Quincy, Mass. She is living at 1144 Commonwealth Ave., Allston 02134. **Gregory Dennis** is managing editor of **The Valley Voice,** a weekly newspaper in Middlebury. His address is Box 724, Middlebury 05753. **James Ennis** is a graduate student in psychology at Harvard and lives at 381½ Harvard St., Cambridge 02138. **Lisa Jepson** is working for the Embassy of the Republic of South Africa in Madrid. Her address is c/o Carmen Arino, Garcia de Paredes 50, Madrid 3, Spain. **Barbara Passmore** is working at the Vermont Book Shop in Middlebury. Her address is Otterside, Apt. 3-D, Middlebury 05753. **Peggy (Mary) Robinson** is a cartographer with the Toledo Metropolitan Area Council of Governments in Ohio. She is living at 2155 Perth, Apt. 4, Toledo 43607. **Barbara Schultz** is a teacher at the Colorado Outdoor Education Center in Florissant, Colo. 80816. **Steven Sobel** is a member of the architectural production staff of Holabird and Root in Chicago. He lives at 828 Washington Ave., Evanston 60202. **Seth Steinzor** will receive mail sent to Box 2,

regional planning at Cornell and his wife, **Dorothy (Dijit) Tripp '69** is a research aide in the geology department. They are living at 318 Eastwood Ave., Ithaca 14850. **Christopher** and **Patricia Hipp Fox** are living at 18 Seymour St., Middlebury 05753. Chris passed the Vermont bar examination this fall and is now affiliated with Lynch, Ketcham and Foley. Pat is working in the accounting office at the College. **Philip Lowengart** is personnel management specialist with the Dept. of Justice, Immigration and Naturalization Service. He and his wife, **Carolyn Sega**, are living at 3309 Chestnut St., N. W., Washington 20015. **David Frothingham** is a partner and salesman with Wine and Game, Inc. (liquor shop) in Princeton, N. J. He lives at 33 E. Curlis Ave., Pennington 08534. **Mark Dienstag** is a student at the University of Miami School of Law and lives at 6060 Indian Creek Dr., Miami Beach 33140. **John Stevenson** is manager of the River Edge Swim and Tennis Club in Jupiter, Fla. He lives at 19310 Pine Tree Dr., Tequesta 33458. **Richard McCann** received his MD from Cornell in May and is now a resident in surgery at Duke University Medical Center. His wife, **Margaret Floyd**, is a research assistant at the Carolina Population Center in Chapel Hill. Their address is Colonial Apts., Apt. 61-C, 3022 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham, N. C. 27707. **Howard Hague** has been named admissions counselor at Thomas College in Waterville, Me. **Constance Brittain Bouchard** (Mrs. Robert) received a Master's in medieval history from the University of Chicago in 1973. She is now working on a doctoral dissertation on twelfth-century France and will probably be in Chicago for another two years. She lives at 5416 Ridgewood Ct., Apt. 3-E, Chicago 60615.

Henriette Walsh Teush is living at 77 E. Main St., Canton, N. Y. 13617, where her husband, Bart, is teaching at St. Lawrence. **Joan Humphrey** is in advertising and is television assistant producer with Humphrey, Browning MacDougall in New York City and living at 113 W. 74th St., New York 10023. **Dr. Cameron Kirchner** is a surgical intern at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, N. Y. and is living at 60 Crittenden Blvd., Apt. 329, Rochester 14620. **Charles Giddings** has passed the Colorado bar examination and joined the law firm of Johnson and McLaughlan in Lamar, Colo. He lives at 813 So. 13th St., Lamar 81052. **Jean McAmbley O'Carroll** (Mrs. Philip) is an associate translator/interpreter of Russian with NASA. She lives at 206-2 Coryell Ct., League City, Tex. 77573. **Martha Antos Herrick** (Mrs. Frederick) is a fifth-grade teacher in the Webster (N. Y.) Schools. **Edward Miller** is an attorney and legislative draftsman with the Legislative Council in Montpelier, Vt. He and his wife, **Sarah Schoch '69**, are living at 83 State St., Apt. 2, Montpelier 05602. **William Moore** is a graduate student in landscape architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. His address is 3650 Chestnut, Box 88, Philadelphia 19174. **Peter Kelly** is a student at New York University Law School and is living at 69 Sunnyside Dr., Yonkers 10705. **Thomas Craig** is a graduate student at the University of Vermont. His address is UVM Married Student Housing, Apt. 3, Winooski 05404. **Anita Sorensen** is a learning disabilities consultant in the Lebanon (N. H.) Public Schools. Her address is RFD, Plainfield 03781. **Lt. Paul Bohlen** is a pilot with the 101st Airborne Division at Ft. Campbell, Ky. and is living at 204 Aster Dr., Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. The **Rev. Philip Cookson** is pastor of the United Congregational Parish of Jericho. His address is Box 2, Jericho, Vt. 05465. **Reed Coughlan** is a lecturer at Empire State College in Binghamton, N .Y. His address is 20 Amsbry St., Binghamton 13901.

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Daniels Gettens is a mathematics teacher at Cushing Academy. His address is Lowe Hall, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. 01430. **John Baker** spent the first months of 1974 as a welder on the Barnwell Nuclear Fuel Plant in South Carolina. Since July he has been in Canada and is currently working north of Ft. McMurray, Alberta, for Canadian Bechtel, Ltd. as an iron worker welder on a large new plant to extract oil from tar sands and shale. Mail will reach him at Syncrude Project, Canadian Bechtel Co., Bag 4004, Ft. McMurray. **Marian Glenn** is an eighth-grade science teacher in the American Community School of Beirut. Her address is Box 8129, Beirut, Lebanon. **Peter Hixson** is a medical student in Belgium. His address is 13 Vaartstraat, 3000 Leuven, Belgium. **George Whitten** is a student at the Univ. of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Architecture and is living at 211 Montrose St., Philadelphia 19147. **Deborah Turner Hicks** (Mrs. Robert) is a supervisor in the Transit Department at the University of Virginia and is living at 2605-F Hydraulic Rd., Charlottesville 22901. **Peter Wood** has completed his active duty in the Army and is now an agent with Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance in Philadelphia. His address is 275 Bryn Mawr Ave., Apt. M-9, Bryn Mawr 19010. **Jeanne Peters** is a researcher for the National Geographic Society in Washington, D. C. and living at 1021 Arlington Blvd., Apt. J-1130, Arlington, Va. 22209. **Christopher Grejtak** has completed his tour in the Navy and is a new business marketing representative trainee with The Service Bureau Co. in Washington, D. C. His address is 8000 LeHavre Pl., Apt. 7, Falls Church, Va. 22042.

Sandra Neily is an English teacher at Scarsdale High School in Scarsdale, N. Y. She lives at 2196 Palmer Ave., New Rochelle 10801. **Ann Martin Smith** (Mrs. Paul) is a student in the nursing program at Vermont College and living in Worcester, Vt. 05682. **Carl Reed** is a PhD candidate and research assistant at SUNY-Buffalo. He and his wife, **Susan McGuinness**, are living at Millersport Highway, Apt. 3, Amherst, N. Y. 14226. **Kathie Bustin** is a research assistant at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston and living at 23 W. Cedar St., Boston 02108. **Hector Griswold** is a candidate for an MBA at Boston College and living at 55 Thatcher St., Brookline 02146. **James Keyes** is an administrator at Copley Hospital in Morrisville, Vt. His address is RR 2, Stowe Hollow, Stowe 05672. **Jamela Hanson** is teaching pre-school and readiness skills at the Eldred School, to children who are residents at the Vermont State Hospital in Waterbury, Vt. Her address is Box 302, Waterbury 05676. **Anne Yerpe** spent four weeks in Poland this past summer at a folk dance contest, mostly playing fiddle. She now plays both fiddle and cymbalum for the same group, "Janosik," from Philadelphia. She has a new job in public relations with the Wilmington Trust Co. Her address is 1616 Bonwood Ave., Apt. P-2, Wilmington 19805. **Millyn Moore** is a graduate student in communications at the University of Vermont. He lives at 91 E. Spring St., Winooski 05404. **Louise Gentry Brennan** (Mrs. Bruce) is an English instructor at Dabney Lancaster Community College. **Helen English** is director of foreign rights with Simon and Schuster in New York. She lives at 83-11 139th St., Apt. 2-C, Jamaica 11435.

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Bruce Grogan is the first recipient of the Schlesinger Fellowship, established in memory of the late Richard H. Schlesinger, in the Dept. of Epidemiology and Public Health at Yale. It is awarded to a candidate for the degree of Master of Public Health. After graduation from Middlebury, Bruce joined the Peace Corps in Honduras where he worked closely with the Public Health Dept. in rural areas. From January to June of this year he was a consultant for migrant health programs in Yuma, Ariz. where he helped establish a new program using a mobile clinic. **Daniel Missildine** is studying for a Master's in journalism and cinema at USC and living at 2372 Cooley Pl., Pasadena 91104. **Dana Wentworth Hope** and her husband, **Peter**, are living on Harlow Hill Rd. in Randolph, Vt. 05060. Peter is working for VISTA and Dana is teaching fifth and sixth grades in the Randolph Village School. **David Hitch** is a student at Tulane Law School. **Cynthia Burgstaller** is a student at the Sorbonne. Her address is Ave. Georges Mandel 147, 3rd Floor, Paris 16. **Martha Torrey Ott** (Mrs. David is a research assistant in the Shields Warren Radiation Laboratory in Boston and lives at 103 Gordon St., Apt. 4, Brighton 02135. **Moore Newell** is a wellsite geologist and gas analyst with Continental Laboratories in Calgary. His address is 603 Rutland House, Rideau Towers, 3316 Rideau Pl., Calgary, Canada. **Richard Prario** has received a Master's in modern languages from Purdue. **David Danforth** is a radio announcer, disc jockey, and newsman with Station WQRG in Hyannis, Mass. He lives at 67 Standish Way, West Yarmouth 02673. **Jane McNichol** is a student at Northeastern Univ. School of Law and lives at 64 Aspinwall Ave., Apt. 3, Brookline, Mass. 02146. **Judith Snyder** is an English teacher at Clarkstown South Senior High School in West Nyack, N. Y. She lives at 101 Kennedy Dr., Apt. B-7, Spring Valley 10977. **Kenneth May** is a student at the American Graduate School of International Management in Glendale, Ariz.

Pamela Hoyt Schmutz (Mrs. James) has just completed a nutrition manual for the state of Pennsylvania to be used in all state-supported institutions as well as many private hospitals and homes. **Anne Churchill** is a student at the Oregon School of Nursing. Her address is 11525 NW Springville Rd., Portland 97229. **William** and **Linda Reeves Pettit** are living at 2 Williamsburg Ct., Shrewsbury, Mass. 01545. Linda is assistant director of admissions at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. **Grace Parker** (Mrs. Eugenio Balaguer) is an instructor in the English Languages Services Division of Washington Research Associates in Washington, D. C. **Diana Durham** writes that she received a Master's in English from the Univ. of Virginia in 1973, followed by study of Shakespearean drama and traveling in England that summer. Last year she taught at a school for emotionally disturbed adolescents in northern Virginia in the areas of drama therapy and remedial reading. She is now teaching English and special education at Einstein High School in Montgomery County while working on a Master's in learning disabilities at the Univ. of Virginia. Diana lives at 2411 Tunlaw Rd., NW, Washington, D. C. 20007. **Garfield Miller** is a management trainee with First National City Bank in New York. He and his wife, **Martha McGarry '73** are living at 330 W. 56th St., Apt. 11-M, New York 10019. **Harrison Blankmeyer** is a graduate student at Yale and is living at 340 Orange St., Apt. O, New Haven 06511. **Carolyn Laster Farrar** (Mrs.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

No other facet of human experience is as conscientiously ignored in American life as death. True, we are constantly exposed to news reports of mass death by starvation, earthquake, monsoon, or war; of violent death by accident or lawlessness; to movies and TV dramas ritually presenting a savage loss of life. But because remote from our direct experience, such deaths have a semi-abstract quality: they are not death *— as each of us shall someday know it or as we may someday witness it in those dear to us. True death, final and devastating, is death in the family.*

When that happens, all our stock responses, conventional notions, and genteel verbiage seem suddenly hollow. The following accounts, written independently of each other, reflect upon the impact of three deaths upon the nearest survivors. Each has been written, at some spiritual cost, in the hope that the writer's experience may be educative, and thus helpful, for others.

The Widower

BY BARD LINDEMAN '50

On the night of Sept. 8, 1971, my wife died. She was 40 years old, strong and spirited, and in the 16 years of our marriage had been sick only once.

Without a clear warning, without even a foreboding, I was suddenly alone. Rather, I was *alone* with our three children.

My youngest, Jan, was 8. She had only a small comprehension of what had happened. The boys, Paul and Leslie, were 12 and 15. I shall never forget the single cry of my older son as he took the news into his mind and heart.

In the more than two years since that night, we four have lived thru our grief, thru our months of deep, numbing, painful hurt. Inevitably? Perhaps. Confidently? Not at all. But we have drawn closer and we have found strength.

There are 1,834,000 widowers in the United States. Yet there is not one professional agency that regularly reaches out to these often confused, lonely men, that stands ready to teach the new widower that he is a convalescent and should first learn to get by one day at a time.

The widower with young children has extra lessons to learn. A pathetic, middle-aged widower said to me, "If only I didn't have the children, I think I could make it."

He was far off the mark. With encouragement, a widower's children will leap forward in maturity and responsibility. In their example, the widower has the opportunity to find pride and strength.

On that cruel September night 32 months ago, I had no understanding of these things. I was still very much the prisoner of shock—not only from the trauma of death but from pain and anger.

For no one had told me why my wife was dead. I could not tell my children why their mother wasn't coming home. I had only the empty words of a contrite surgeon who, in asking for the right of autopsy, said: "This should never have happened."

Hours later, after prayers had been said in a quiet house, I went outside. In the stillness of the autumn night, I walked and ran and searched for something to fill my emptiness.

We had met at Middlebury College. It was 1949 and my senior year; Adele Kathleen Mullen was a sophomore. In this carefree time, our fall weekends held a particular magic. We did a most natural thing then—we fell in love.

And six years later, after my military service in Japan and the beginning years in journalism, we were married in a spring ceremony in her home.

Del, then an executive secretary in an advertising agency, worked days. I was a wire editor for the Associated Press and worked three different night shifts. We were like ferry boats passing at the slip. For more than a year, we had only an hour together in the evening and two hours every morning. She never complained.

Our first home was a three-room apartment in Queens, New York. Later we moved to suburban New Jersey. Our last address was Oak Park, an old buff-colored brick house with broad rooms and high ceilings. Del was proudly a homemaker and a parent. She also was a subtle shaper of character.

Moreover, she conditioned those who knew her to believe she wasn't vulnerable to incapacity. And when she signed herself into a local hospital for "exploratory surgery" to seek the cause of what was euphemistically called stomach distress, she masked her fears while admonishing the family not to worry.

The morning of the operation, she did two things that speak of her character. She refused to remove her engagement and wedding rings, throwing the rules-enforcers into confusion. And she wrote a reassuring note to me:

"Relax and stay cool," it began. "Everyone is more than considerate. My thoughts, as always, are with all of you. Rest in the security of my two full hands —the one grasping yours, the other holding onto the Lord's.

"Who could be more blessed? I've got it made."

The surgery required three hours. All the while I sat in her room, alone, nervous and feeling terribly inadequate. A nurse came in to say that the operation had been successful. Minutes later, I

The author is editor-in-chief of *Today's Health*, a publication of the AMA in which an expanded version of this article appeared, May '74.
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Middlebury 05753. **David Stone** is a graduate student in physics at MIT and living at 79 Charles St., Apt. 5, Boston 02114.

Amy Wapner Studenroth and her husband, **Zachary '72**, are living at 112 W. 80th St., Apt. 2-R. New York 10024. She is enrolled in the Master's program in dance therapy at Hunter College. **Lisa Kalette Ferrett** is a secretary in the history department at the College of Charleston where her husband Donald is a physics major. They are living at 177 Wentworth St., Charleston, S. C. 29401. **Martha Ruff** is an English teacher in the Peace Corps. Her address is Lycee Classique et Moderne, B. P. 807, Cote d'Ivoire, Daloa, West Africa. **Mitchell Pulver** is a student at Hahnemann Medical School and is living at 325 No. 15th St., Apt. 509-A, Philadelphia 19102. **Randy Parrish** is a graduate student and teaching assistant at the Univ. of British Columbia. His address is Dept. of Geological Science, Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver. **Peter Mackey** is teaching and coaching at Bellows Free Academy in St. Albans, Vt. and living at 10 Best Ct., St. Albans. **Sybil Brigham** is working for Acadia Management Co. in Boston and living at 10 Soden St., Apt. 48, Cambridge 02139. **Catherine (Jamie) Lynch** is a first-grade teacher in Simsbury, Conn. Her address is RFD 2, Box 391, Canton 06019. **Eugene Pomeroy** is in the Army infantry. On November 7 he went to Ft. Benning, Ga. for a twelve-week infantry officer's basic course. **Kevin Candon** is a bartender at the Lake Placid Club and is living in the Lake Placid Club Dorm, Lake Placid, N. Y. 12946. **Kathy Badigan** is attending the University of Koln. Her address is Hote Rhein Pavillon, 5038 Rodenkirchen-Koln, Hauptstrasse 6, West Germany. **Anne Starkweather** is a teller at The National Shawmut Bank and living at 10 Soden St., Apt. 48, Cambridge 02139. **Janet Healey** is a lab technician with Union Carbide in Bound Brook, N. J. She lives at 46 Marion Rd. West, Princeton 08540. **Larry Novins** is living at 53 Green Meadow Rd., Pleasantville, N. Y. 10570 and is playing in a jazz group named Synergy. **Barry Jones** is playing professional hockey for the Des Moines League and living at 3121 Alameda Dr., Cedar Falls, Ia. 50163.

Nathaniel Forbes is driving a cab in Minneapolis and living at 2624 Lyndale Ave., So., Minneapolis 55408. **Susan Coburn** is tutoring low-income adults and high school drop-outs under the federal program, OUTREACH. Her address is Box 387, Middlebury, Vt. 05733. **Ann Williams** was a member of a crew on the schooner, Harvey Gamage, which went to Grenada, W. I. from Maine. **Earl Irving** is a graduate student at U. Cal-Berkeley, pursuing a Master's in Slavic languages and literatures. His address is 2635 College Ave., Apt. 5, Berkeley 94704. **Christine Piotrowska** is an assistant in the editor's office at the New York Public Library and living at 353 E. 83rd St., New York 10028. **Nicholas Bogert** is a reporter for station WCAC-TV in Burlington, Vt. **Julie Stohlman** is a teacher in the Head Start program and a teacher's aide in the Seattle Public School System. Her address is 605 Fifth Ave., No. Apt. 404, Seattle 98109. **Ross Eisenbrey** is a law clerk with Miller, Klinist, Cohen, Martens and Sugerman in Detroit. He lives at 15127 Windmill Point, Grosse Pointe 48230. **Brooke Roberts** is a stone cutter (monument and architectural lettering) in The John Stevens Shop at 29 Thames St., Newport, R. I. 02840. **Russell Frisbie** is traveling in Germany. For the present, mail will reach him c/o J. Zarker, AWO HEIM, Hartmeyerstr 2, Zimmer 301, 74 Tubingen, West Germany. **Nancy Vaughan** is a student at the Middlebury Graduate School of French in France. Her address is 48 rue du Mont-Parnasse, Paris 75014. **Joan Lapham** is a student at the Institute of Paralegal Training in Philadelphia. Her address is Drake Hotel, Apt. 27-R, 1512 Spruce St., Philadelphia 19102. **Ross Van Voorhees** and **Tim Rub** are living at 90 E. Portola, Los Altos, Calif. 94022. Ross is working for the Tread Two Corp., a company that resoles athletic shoes, in Los Altos. Since a new pair costs $25 and can be resoled at $10.95, the company should do very well these days.

MASTERS

Lyman Rogers '34, 89, died February 1, 1974 in Washington, Pa. He had been a professor-emeritus of French at Washington and Jefferson College since 1953, when he was awarded the college's Doctor of Letters degree.

Anna Ashhurst '36 is associate professor of Spanish at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.

Hugh Campbell '57, headmaster of Rocky Hill School in East Greenwich, R. I. for the past eight years, resigned his position in October.

Tatiana Cosman '60 returned to Swarthmore in the fall as a part-time professor in Russian.

Suzanne Goodling '61, associate professor of modern languages at Elizabethtown (Pa.) College, was honored in October by the College for her ten years of service.

Joyce Carleton '61, assistant professor of French at the New Britain campus of Central Connecticut College, has been awarded the degree of Docteur de l'University with highest honors by the University of Paris. Her thesis deals with Louis de Cormenin (1821-1866), a young newspaper critic whose life and work portrayed the artistic and political life of Paris in the mid-nineteenth century.

Nora Wieser '62 is teaching Spanish part-time at Oberlin.

Robert Gallant '62 is director of the Northern Berkshire Association for Retarded Citizens, Inc. Besides his Master's in French from Middlebury, he has an MA in special education from Columbia and has credits in the post-Master's program at NYU's dept. of Educational Psychology, in a program for service and research in audio-communicative disability.

Thomas Anderson '64 is a French and Spanish instructor at Roberts Wesleyan College in Rochester, N. Y.

John Maidaneh '65 is a French and German instructor at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

M. Booth Gothings '65 is teaching French at Friends Academy in New York City.

Dr. Richard Zipser '65, assistant professor of German at Oberlin, is the author of "Edward Bulwer-Lytton and Germany," a survey and interpretation of Bulwer-Lytton's relationship to German life and letters.

T. Bruce Fryer '66 has been promoted to associate professor and granted tenure at the Univ. of South Carolina. He holds a joint appointment in the dept. of Foreign Languages and Literatures and the College of Education. His articles have appeared in **Hispania, American Foreign Language Teacher,** and **Modern Language Journal.** He has worked on individualizing foreign language instruction at the college level and has given summer workshops for public school teachers. He has edited the methods section of a bibliography for the past five years for the American Council in Teaching Foreign Language.

William Risley '66, assistant professor in the department of foreign languages and literatures at Western Illinois University, completed his PhD in Spanish at the Univ. of Wisconsin in August. His dissertation treated the setting and point of view in six novels of Benito Pérez Galdós.

Wendy Wright '67 is the author and general editor of a high school French program entitled "Le Francais Partout 5," published recently by Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada.

Antonio Striano, Jr. '68 and Patrina Guarino were married November 2 in North Haven, Conn.

D. Wayne Shetler and **Suzanne E. Parillo '69** were married October 13. Mrs. Shetler is an editing supervisor with McGraw-Hill.

Ermino B. Braidotti '70 and **Christina DiFiore** were married on August 18, 1972. While in Spain in 1971, Erminio won the contest on Galdos with the article "Geografia Comercial del Madrid de Galdos," published in the ABC. During 1971-72 he taught at East Liverpool (O.) High School and since has been a teaching fellow at the Univ. of Pennsylvania and expects his PhD in May. During 1971-72 Christina was a teaching fellow at the Univ. of Nevada. For the next two years she taught at Ravenhill Academy in Philadelphia and is now a teaching fellow at the Univ. of Pennsylvania. Their address is 4418 Spruce St., Apt. H-2, Philadelphia 19104.

Joan Waring '71 is a Spanish teacher at the Nativity School in Hollywood, Fla.

Donna Krise '72 is bilingual secretary with Westinghouse Electric in Pittsburgh.

Phillipa Abendana '72 is teaching French at the John Thomas Dye High School in Belair, Calif.

Cathleen Robinson '72 is teaching Spanish at Williston-Northampton Academy.

Jackie Van Every '72 completed two French "Licences" in linguistics and in the methodology of teaching French as a foreign language at the University of Besancon, France during 1972-73. She started teaching French at the Fairfield Woods Junior High School in Fairfield, Conn.

Donald F. Jones, Jr. and **Frances J. Sheridan '72** were married October 4 in Providence, R. I.

Patricia Webster '72 has been named research assistant in the Washington office of Senator Edmund Muskie.

Mary Halstead '73 is teaching in the modern languages department at the Austin School in Reading, Mass.

Ralph M. Cohen and **Carol H. Koch '74** were married in September.

Carter Wellsey '74 is teaching German and coaching junior-high cross country at Onteora Central High School in Boiceville, N. Y.

naturalness. He is in control of his emotions. Eventually, he will speak of her with pleasure, freely using her name.

I knew that I was struggling thru the second stage when I tried to tell young Mike, who picked up and delivered our dry cleaning and of whom Del was especially fond, that she was gone. Three times I started my first sentence, giving way each time. Mike finally took me off the hook.

"I know about Mrs. Lindeman," he said, "and I'm sorry."

Midafternoon of my first routine day as a widower, I heard the back door open. This was my alarm: Blue-eyed Jan Lindeman was coming home from the third grade, also beginning a new life. We spent the remainder of the sleepy September afternoon at the public library, where Jan sat still as a log on the floor in the children's room browsing thru an estimated 67 books and rejecting every one.

With the experience of that afternoon, I declared to myself and perhaps to Jan that we were going to move on . . . to get along . . . to make it. That night in my bedroom I tied one of Jan's classroom creations to the overhead light fixture. It was a misshapen fish made of a wire coat hanger and a discarded silk stocking. It hung down, I believe, as a symbol of life.

I also cluttered up the kitchen bulletin board with school notices and schedules. I wanted to say, often and with enthusiasm, that to the limit of my ability I was going to try to be two parents or, more realistically, a constant parent.

We were innocents, of course. I knew this those first evenings when reality was dinner time or, more accurately, *supper* time. Someone had to get a meal. That someone was I. Someone also had to see about the laundry, do the shopping, balance the checkbook, make three school lunches, drive the two younger children to school, pay the insurance, the taxes, and mortgage, take the cat to the vet's, have the lawn mower fixed, argue with the roofer, attend the PTA meetings, sign the report cards, see about winter coats and boots and dental and doctor checkups, urge letters to grandmothers and bedevil three children who weren't so confused or grief-stricken that they forgot their natural distaste for making beds, hanging up pajamas and clothes, and eating green vegetables.

I clearly recall the satisfaction and shameless, inordinate pride that comes with the accomplishemnt of small household tasks—getting the supper served and eaten, the dishes done, the garbage carried out, the homework secured, and the lunches made. However, this euphoria came only after we had put some time between us and the night of our loss. We began slowly and erratically, living thru a period of trial and error.

On one rainy morning, I was angry to discover that neither Paul nor Janet had chosen to wear galoshes.

"Here, these belong to someone," I said, dropping them before the children.

Paul did nothing and said nothing. Janet said: "I can't buckle them."

"I'll buckle them."

This response forced the truth from her: "But the kids will all laugh at me wearing galoshes."

I instinctively knew that I was losing the argument. I was also losing my cool. I began shouting that they didn't need a father. They knew it all. I told them then that I was going to quit, to resign, that they should find someone else to kick around. I screamed that when people walked in the rain with "nothing on their feet," they caught colds.

"Do you know what happens when you get sick? You go to the hospital," I shouted. "And when some people go to the hospital, they die. . . ."

There it was. No matter how hard I wished I hadn't said it, it was too late. I couldn't get it back.

I was also obsessed with the idea that our evening meal be an event, a time when we could share our concerns and grow strong again thru mutual love. I

learned from my wife's physician that the gall bladder seemed healthy and had been left intact. However, a blockage had been discovered in the pyloric canal, which leads into the intestines. The physician explained how the pyloris had been cut, widened, and then stitched. She said that the next 72 hours were certain to be hard ones for us, but there no longer was any need to worry. I did little else but worry.

On the sixth day after her operation, I believed I saw more color in her face. But on the following day, I was told: "She doesn't look so good tonight. Her color is bad and she's got some gas."

All thru this interminable week, I had reassured myself that my wife was strong. Yet when I saw her now, with her clear skin turned sallow and the unmistakable marks of sickness in her eyes, I felt a deep terror. I had cause to be terrified for, unknown to me then, the so-called "gas" distending her stomach was peritonitis.

Outside in the corridor, where I had been asked to wait for a moment, I was approached by a small, brusque nurse.

"You'd better stand by," she said.

"Stand by for what?" I demanded.

"Things don't look so good," she said lowering her head.

I swung around then and punched hard against the wall across from my wife's room. The pain was immediate, sharp, and constant; later I would learn that I had fractured a knuckle. In my pain, however, I somehow felt closer to my wife.

As I struggled to focus then, I saw Del's physician coming toward me. For the first time, she admitted that her patient was seriously ill. I heard her say, "There's a 50-50 chance. . . ."

These virtual strangers, the nurse and the physician, guided me toward a desk; I sat and leaned forward to put my head down between my arms. And in the dark space between the folded arms, I prayed for a miracle.

Strangely, tho I felt I was losing my contact with reality and reason, my senses remained sharp. I listened to the calls over the intercom and recognized the urgent injunction for a breathing machine—for my wife's room.

It was 8:40 p.m. when death ended her pain and loosed the terror inside me. Now I had no choice but to deal with this emotion—and I wasn't sure how to begin.

I am not pious nor even religious in the conventional sense, but I soon found myself again in prayer. I had been gently guided there by my friend and minister, Dean Lueking. From that hour forward, this man took my arm. His calm, deliberate, and intelligent manner, as he tended to my needs and those of my children, was my example.

I have talked since with other widowers. Some were frozen in shock. One confessed that for weeks he was able to do only small, mindless chores. Another was unable to answer his seven children when they asked, "Where's mommy?"

All children react differently to this monumental trauma. I suspect this shock can be softened by two things: faith and the quality of the love bond between mother and child. The stronger that bond the greater the loss, but, importantly, the stronger that bond the greater the realization in later months and years that the memory of the mother is good and strong and, therefore, sustaining.

When I sorely needed it, my teen-age son sent me a sign that it was going to be all right with us. This was the eve of the funeral service, and we were sitting alone in the hushed parlor.

"You know, Dad," he began in a steady voice and with his clear blue eyes dry. "If we think long enough and hard enough about this, I suppose someday it will make sense."

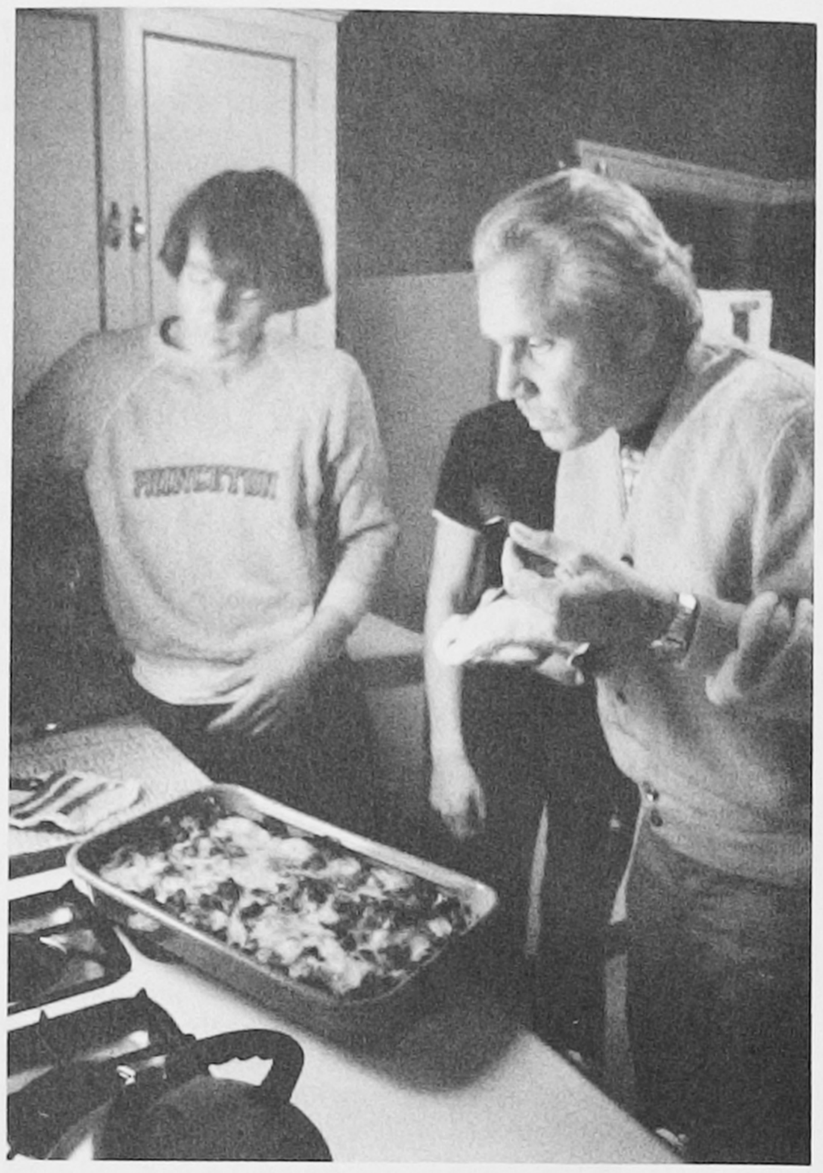
The nine-room house was empty and soundless. The grandmothers and aunts all had gone, and the children were back in school. I had all day and every day to myself. I had known loneliness—but nothing had conditioned me for these first days and weeks.

I wandered about, looking into drawers, opening closets and cabinets, and naturally there were reminders of her. One of the most poignant, so much the measure of the woman, was a birthday present. My 41st birthday was two weeks away; she had done her shopping, knowing that as a post-surgical convalescent it wasn't likely she could get out and around in time. A handsome maroon bathrobe and a satinwood hairbrush had been gift-wrapped and hidden in the downstairs hall closet.

I remember, too, great waves of fatigue that oppressed me. I remember my confusion and that I ceased to care.

"Work is therapy," a friend advised. Another said so I could overhear: "He's got to get out of that house."

I discovered some peace in jogging and



running. I found a natural release—an escape, actually—by running a mile and a quarter thru neighborhood streets and around a park.

Along the far edge of the park is a flat, open stretch, perhaps 100 yards long. I would push myself to sprint this course, believing that if I was able to run fast enough, I might call her back.

As bizarre as this may sound, it is a normal emotion, part of the accepted practice of saying "goodby." I learned this in reading of the three stages of grief.

The first stage is shock, the time of numb disbelief, when the widower invariably says: "Oh, no. It can't be. . . ." The middle stage is the period when memories and images are called back, often at the slightest provocation. Psychiatrist Robert B. White, of the University of Texas has written of this period: "Many spouses have illusions of seeing or feeling the presence of the dead partner. The widower may hear a door slam or the floor creak and, for a moment, believe his wife is there. These things are all part of the slow process of saying goodby because the ultimate, total separation is too overwhelming to comprehend or accept all at once."

In the final stage, the widower will experience periodic sadness but is able to remember and talk about his wife with

Because he is the most natural of the children, I sensed that Paul was going to cope with his loss. What few doubts remained were erased that June as he and two equally combative teammates led their team of 11- and 12-year-olds to the local Little League championship. It was a beautiful summer evening, and we celebrated with a cookout.

Once the fire was glowing, Paul stretched out on his back, staring up at the sky that held the last light of this exhilarating day.

I said: "I'm proud of you . . ." Following his gaze across a stretch of cloudless evening sky, I added: "Your mother would have been, too."

He never turned his head, just slid his eyes toward me. And altho he said nothing, I heard him tell me that his thoughts matched mine.

Behind Harriet and Bard stand Harriet's daughter, Ursula, Paul, Les (now a Middlebury freshman), and Janet.

Because Leslie saw no good sense in sitting home and because he was caught up in a challenge for the quarterback's post on his sophomore team, the oldest child missed only two days of school back in September 1971. I'm sure that in his football he found a natural release. I think we both worked out some problems thru football: he as the quarterback, I as the proud, rabid spectator.

Since that fall of 1971, Les has had good and bad days, one idle year as a reserve, and a strong senior season. He is ready now for college and perhaps more football. There are other dreams and desires to complement this one, tho. Writing is among them. One night recently he handed me his own written version of how far we have come as a family. It begins with the night of September 8, 1971:

"I recall Gram walking out of the family room where we all were and I knew then it was gonna be *our* problem. The four of us would have to hack it on our own. There was no substitute for Mother; there couldn't be.

"Later on, a couple weeks later I guess, I felt a small excitement at living on our own. I took pride in the four of us, that we could make it without something drastic happening, like us moving. We drew closer.

"Mornings would bring instant breakfast instead of bacon and eggs, but morning would come nonetheless. It was bad—don't get me wrong. But at least we could keep on truckin', drawing strength from one another and keeping on the move. That was important to me, and that is what it is all about."

This cannot, of course, serve as a widowers' primer. Rather, it is the way one widower has traveled and, it is hoped, will serve to reassure single parents that regeneration does take place. I mean to say to other widowers that yes, you will sleep thru the night again; your food will taste good again; you will laugh, enjoy music, and watch your children with joy. In time, you will throw off lassitude and rationalize anger.

The holidays will be a hard time. Describing ours only makes the obvious point: We spent the first Thanksgiving away from home and decided a traditional Christmas was necessary because of Janet. On the morning of Dec. 25, I came downstairs to find the tree had tipped over, spilling water and staining the rug. The remainder of the day was uneventful—but when my mother, a widow for 16 years, left for home, she summed up: "Thank God, it's over."

A subject I prefer only to brush is dating or, more candidly, sex. As I told the children, I was going to see and socialize with women—and I did. Having to "date" in the early forties or older, and after long years of marriage can be an unnerving experience. But I suggest there is something even worse—not having companionship.

How the widower chooses to begin his new social and sex life depends, of course, on his personality, his philosophy, and the sort of companionship he wants. Some widowers prefer to join Parents Without Partners, where they are sure to meet people with common interests. Like the majority of widowers, I had friends and relatives who put forward suggestions and invited me to dinner parties. I found most of these either tedious or painful. One night the table conversation turned to movies, and my host innocently asked, "Did you see 'The Hospital'? It's a great film. . . ."

In this way, however, I did meet a beautiful woman. She was a widow with a teen-aged daughter. On June 9, 1973, I married Harriet Meyer, who is a soprano and a teacher of voice.

We are a complete household again, and thruout the home there are once more the sounds of laughter, of music, and, best of all, the rich sound of meaningful conversation between children and their parents. □

insisted on candles, and I poured wine for all who wanted it, even little Jan. Like a prosecutor with his first jury trial, I probed for some happy event in the school day. But in those first weeks, we were all emotionally drained.

Still, I plunged ahead, hoping to will some joy into our midst or, if need be, impose it by paternal decree. I was wrong, of course. It was too soon. We all needed time for the wounds to close. Children are the most natural of creatures, and my three were merely exhibiting their true feelings. As I listened to the silence of our dinner hour, I vowed that one day I would again fill my home with good music. I knew even then that I would—indeed, I must—marry again, and as soon as I believed them strong enough for this news, I delivered it.

To make things happen, to put more time behind us, I knew we must build on experiences. So, before long, Paul returned to his guitar and Jan to her piano lessons. Morever, Jan and I shared time together every Monday night: While she took an hour's swimming lesson, I got my exercise swimming laps. I also took some of the strain out of our life by hiring a housekeeper. Because the children had voted not to have a *stranger* live in. I advertised for a mature woman who could come five days a week, from 3 to 8 p.m.

The first woman was singularly unintelligent and, in her own words, "too nervous." Housekeeper No. 2 proved a dour woman who attempted to sue me for an alleged fall in the basement.

The third persisted in telling me of her hard life as a widow and how much orange juice my boys consumed in a 24-hour period.

But the fourth, a Slavic emigree, was worth the waiting. Cheerful, indefatigable Maria Perucki has made the home run again.

Thus, days slipped into weeks and, little by little, the scar formed. I went back to work, we began joining other families for supper in their homes, and the children again watched television, even medical and hospital programs. All of us progressed into the latter half of the second of grief's stages.

We did not—for we could not—mention Del by name, nor were we able to talk about what had happened to us. However, I was able, once more, to laugh at myself.

I remember in particular a Friday evening in the late fall. I had sent Les out back to mow the lawn. Now I sat alone, working on a bourbon highball and waiting for the 6 o'clock news. Suddenly, I felt a terrible loneliness. I called Les in to "keep me company."

"Let's talk," I said. He nodded yes.

"What's new?" I began.

"Not much."

I shifted to football, always a safe subject with the quarterback of the sophomore team, and altho I already knew from the schedule, I asked: "Who do you play tomorrow?"

"Luther North."

"They any good?"

"They're okay, I guess."

I switched on the television then, hoping for another discussion topic. When I next looked down the couch, my 6-foot, 180-pound co-captain was slumped over, fast asleep.

I had to laugh over my clumsy attempt to press my taciturn teen-ager into being my partner. He already was my lieutenant, invariably my rudder when a temper storm swept over me and, in my absence, a surrogate father. Yet he was still a boy: I knew I had to guard against rushing him thru his already ruptured innocence.

Not surprisingly, the youngest child was least able to cope. Often, Jan was an angry 8-year-old woman who neither understood nor could adequately ventilate her emotional upset. She was easily offended by any of us males and once wronged, in her eyes, she would harangue us for not caring or being sufficiently loving toward her.

There were, as well, some transient problems at school. I learned that once or twice she lay down in a classroom aisle, disrupting the story hour. I was more amused than concerned; altho this was a negative sign, there were also positive ones, and they predominated. For example, Janet got herself up, washed, and dressed every morning without fuss or complaint.

I was concerned about her tendency to suffer stomach aches and low-grade fever when a business trip kept me out of the home overnight, so I decided to take her along. We traveled together to Coral Gables, Fla.; Hazelton, Pa.; and my hometown in upstate New York. With each passing month, Janet and I grew closer.

On the second day following his mother's death, I took Paul for a walk. We kicked thru fallen leaves on neighborhood sidewalks, taking our time, going nowhere in particular. I meant only to see if this lively 12-year-old, who up to this hour had given no quarter to his grief, had any questions. Seemingly there were none. So I began, telling him that it was his special gift to be incandescent. With his quick smile and a little of the blarney from the Irish side of his genealogical tree, he had invariably sparked our mealtime.

"You're the spirit of this family," I told him. "Don't stop laughing, and don't stop making us laugh with you. More than ever, we need your laughter, your spirit . . . ."

I don't remember that he responded. I know he listened hard and that he hasn't let us down. In time, he again filled the house with his sound and motion, from the rock music of his guitar to the regular rhythm of the basketball.

One night when he proved just too much clatter and flip-talk for me, I exploded: "What do I have to do to get some peace around here?"

"But Dad," he said, staring me straight in the eye, "you told me to be the spirit of the family."

was too much to be done, I didn't know how to stop it.

Spreading the news

> The two walked off the pit-bank, where men were watching curiously. As they came out and went along the railway, with the sunny autumn field on one side and a wall of trucks on the other, Morel said in a frightened voice:
>
> " 'E's niver gone, child?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "When wor't?"
>
> "Last night. We had a telegram from my mother." Morel walked on a few strides, then leaned up against a truck-side, his hands over his eyes. He was not crying. Paul stood looking round, waiting. On the weighing machine a truck trundled slowly. Paul saw everything, except his father leaning against the truck as if he were tired.
>
> —D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*

I was saved by the arrival of another colleague, who burst at that moment into the house with such impetuous energy that I actually smiled. Clearly, he was the one who needed calming down. He breathlessly asked for a drink, so I got him one and lit his shaking cigarette. Soon many more people filed in, President Armstrong among them. All seemed grave and much-moved. I got more chairs. The community was rallying around me, a relative stranger; people were interrupting their day for me. I was impressed.

At such a time, others are frightened and a bit tentative in their gestures, but they'd like to "help." Give them a chance. Don't go to pieces and render them truly "helpless." In some ways, the presence of so many caring people can beneficently transfer the burden of consolation, if only temporarily. It hurt me to see these men, my friends, so hurt. I wanted to soothe and comfort them. I felt fine now, and everything seemed reasonable. My wife was dead, and now was the appropriate time to discourse on her virtues, on our closeness, on the consolations of philosphy. I did so at length: I must have been brightly and thoroughly manic at that point. From time to time some of the men left and others took their place. Weeping women brought food. I kept talking. Eventually my sister-in-law arrived from Massachusetts, and I left with her and headed south to the house of my wife's parents. On the way, dread began to set in. We got to the house and my father-in-law, who had never wept in front of me nor ever embraced me, did both. My feeling of dread increased. All these dislocations of normalcy convinced me that something terrible had happened, something which I had not yet been able to fully realize.

The news had gotten around pretty fast. All I had to do was to make a few more phone calls to those who would be concerned. Since I already knew what had happened, my task once again was to settle down the person at the other end of the line. This occupied my emotional energies somewhat, but I could feel that much was being held back, by myself consciously or by forces within myself. My strong sense was that the next few days were to be gotten through as manfully as possible, and then I would face, well, I didn't exactly know what, but I knew "it" was waiting for me. Meanwhile, I was being drenched in torrents of people, and adjusting to their reactions left me no leisure to contemplate my own.

I had lost my wife . . . and lost simultaneously that entire precious history which a couple accumulates, viable only while both live in intimacy, and null and void when only one is left.

Burying the dead

> Poor Dignam! His last lie on earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wool. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding let it down that way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's. They're so particular . . . I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible even in the earth. The Irishman's house is his coffin.
>
> —Leopold Bloom in James Joyce's *Ulysses*

I never saw my wife again, one way or the other. All of that business about actually dealing with the dead physically, washing their bodies and laying them out in the parlor, maybe even making their coffins and digging their graves, has long since been taken out of our hands, and we have probably suffered an irreparable psychic and spiritual loss as a consequence. Though I realize the impracticability of "doing it yourself" these days, the meretricious slickness which characterizes the modern mortuary only alienates the bereaved, in my opinion. It takes away the responsibility for confronting the physical facts of death and replaces it with obscenely shiny caskets, tacky fake-wood paneling, fake stained-plastic windows, tiny and incongruous folding chairs, and dreadful piped-in organ music. That is not the way into the mystery. I remember that the undertakers were perturbed because, in getting together some clothes for my wife's body as they instructed, I had forgotten the shoes. Forgotten the shoes! For a body so badly smashed that my father-in-law, a surgeon and county medical examiner, was not permitted to see it. Such ludicrousness urges on one the opinion that undertakers are the victims of their own conventions, which they guard jealously and impose on us, while dully dodging the central issue.

So the exhibition of a closed coffin in the bilious, vinyl, fraudulent atmosphere of a McDonald's, the dull, mechanical, and incomprehensible religious service over it, and the burial of that coffin under a picnic awning with absurd plastic grass hiding the earth of the grave did not get me any closer to what was inside it. That I later received a letter from the vault company guaranteeing that no rot or corruption would enter the coffin for at least fifty years failed to cheer me. Did they expect me to dig it up and check? Or, more importantly, how much has our understanding of death progressed (or regressed?) when we find all of this untoward emphasis on concealing the facts of death in all their brutality and strangeness and on preserving the dead body, complete with shoes, at an appalling expense? The tension between such finicky and insulating conventions and the mass media's daily portrayal of wholesale violent death cannot be healthy. At any rate, the circumstances of my wife's "interment" only served to anger me and to insult my sensibilities. These feelings were to dominate bitterly for a day or two, keeping at bay the more savagely destructive emotions whose strength I had only had a foretaste of, for a moment, in that bedroom on that dreadful day.

"Only One's Own Dead Matter"

By David Price

What follows is a personal account of my first wife's death and its effects on me. My title is from E. M. Forster's novel, *A Passage to India*, and I believe what my title says: in contemplating all the misery and suffering in the world, the soul grows weary and retreats to its own deprivations. In some ways, then, an article such as this is a paradox. I can't expect my reader to share my grief, because only *his* own dead matter, or will matter. Besides, if I truly wanted to make my reader feel something, however vicarious and derived, I'd have to provide an extended portrait and characterization of my wife, myself, and the nature of our relationship through several years of marriage—which is clearly impossible in the present context.

This leaves me with the alternative of abstracting from my story some useful generalizations about coping with grief, or identifying certain psychological patterns common to the bereaved state. However, there is a wealth of current books which do this better than I can: I have not researched the subject, and my own experience of it is blessedly limited. For all I know, I may fit the normative patterns precisely. Yet I'm convinced that each death which each of us has to endure is different, sufficiently different in its circumstances and effects so that whatever about it is too precise and individual to be accommodated within "patterns" is at least as interesting and vital as the patterns themselves. All novelists write about love and death, but all novels are different.

So I won't try to make a case history of my experience, but I won't try to write a novel either. Let me give you some details, which the human imagination needs in order to function, and let me make some general observations which may or may not apply to an individual reader's case. The justification for all of this, finally, is that the more we are exposed to such stories, the more likely we are to find something in them which will counsel, compose, and comfort us in the face of this most common and (outside of literature) little-discussed phenomenon of death.

Getting the news

In February of 1970, I had been teaching English at Middlebury for six months, up from Princeton with my new PhD. On a sunny but bitterly cold Wednesday morning, my wife Catherine and I sat on the bed debating whether or not she should drive to her job as reference librarian at the Burlington Public Library. She didn't feel well, and I advised her to stay home. Finally she decided to go, because if she didn't use her sick days, they would extend her vacation. By now she was running a little late. I walked her concernedly out to the car, and I remember saying, "Now don't speed: no job is worth getting hurt for." She assured me with a wave of her hand and a spray of pebbles from the driveway.

Two hours later, I was standing at the kitchen sink peeling an orange, taking a break from writing a lecture. (One remembers all the details from such a time; the senses are supernaturally sharpened.) I looked mildly out the window and saw a green-and-yellow Vermont State Police car coming very slowly down Route 125. "She's dead," I thought to myself, almost saying it out loud. There was no reason for me to have thought that. The green-and-yellow cars were a familiar sight on that road, nor did I characteristically dwell on the possibility of my wife's death every time she drove away. I may be given to "catastrophic expectations," to use Frederick Perls's term, but this was not one of them. Yet I felt her non-existence very powerfully then, standing at the sink.

I put the half-peeled orange down and waited. Soon there was a knock on the door. I forced myself to walk over to it. Through the curtains, I could see the looming shapes of two troopers. I opened the door and invited the solemn faces inside. They asked me if I was who I was, and I said yes. "There's been an accident," one said, "a real bad accident, and your wife was killed." All the electricity that had been in the air discharged itself between my ears. The other trooper had moved behind me to catch me if I went down—I suppose they have experience in such cases—but I turned and sat down at the kitchen table instead. For lack of anything else to say, I asked the inevitable question: "How'd it happen?"

The troopers seemed relieved. They sat down and started talking professionally, drawing diagrams on the paper napkins. I half-listened to what they were saying, but my mind was racing on to what all this implied: there would be phone calls, great disruptions in several lives, a funeral, much mourning, many practical difficulties, and I could see no end to it. I was not thinking about my wife at the time; that would come later. One of the troopers called my chairman, Henry Prickitt, who arrived moments later. The troopers left, their faces sympathetic now rather than solemn. I felt incapable of calling my father-in-law, so Henry attended to this unpleasant job. The call was short. He sat with me for awhile, then had to go to a class. I was alone.

Night after night unfolded; again and again came the time when the headlights should have swept into the driveway but passed by instead, leaving the road blank and deserted.

I wandered dazedly into our bedroom and stared at my wife's dresser, its top scattered with various cosmetic items in benign disarray. The house was very quiet, the sun through the windows very bright. I couldn't touch anything on the dresser. I was beginning to have trouble breathing. I started to say my wife's name over and over, out loud, faster and faster. In a moment I would be screaming, and though I felt vaguely that I couldn't permit this to happen, that there

your care, has taken on unconsciously grand proportions in the pervasive ambience of death.

But what was bothering me, what was causing the pain? I had lost my wife. That was true enough. I had lost her, and lost simultaneously that entire precious history which a couple accumulates, viable only while both live in intimacy and null and void when only one is left. A living history in continual process had solidified and transmogrified into mere memories which caused pain instead of pleasure. All right: this I could stand. Also, I was lonely: but I could easily have solicited company, continual company, if I wanted. Not all are so fortunate. But no, it wasn't that. It was my wife. It dawned on me with the shock of recognition. It was my wife! It was *her* loss I was mourning, not mine. She had lost her life, irrevocably, at twenty-four. She was cheerful, life-loving, outspokenly afraid of death. Yet it had come to her, suddenly, violently, brutally, too soon and with no preparation. I had stumbled upon the origin of the pain. I wanted to give her life back to her, I would trade mine for hers; but there were no takers. I wanted the impossible. My problem wasn't coping, I could cope; it was resurrection, or a turning back of the clock to a time when I would insist that she stay home from work. But I had no power, and it was too late. I couldn't protect her from what had already happened.

She had not been alive for three weeks now. She would have found delight in the very things and tasks which were just then vexing me. In another week she would not have been alive for a month. So much missed in a month! And fifty years of foreshortened life presented themselves to me, a pageant of sights never to be seen, feelings never to be felt, joys forever unseized. It was too much.

I found myself in the guest bedroom, empty except for a bed. It was dark. I could see her, glimmering, white, fading on the wall. I raised my arms and repeated in agony, "I'm so sorry! I'm so *sorry!* I'm so SORRY!" All night long I lay on that bed, weeping uncontrollably and making what must have been horrible animal noises.

That night was the worst. After that it became a little easier to live.

Thinking about the accident

> The Chief Inspector, stooping guardedly over the table, fought down the unpleasant sensation in his throat. The shattering violence of destruction which had made of that body a heap of nameless fragments affected his feelings with a sense of ruthless cruelty, though his reason told him the effect must have been as swift as a flash of lightning. The man, whoever he was, had died instantaneously; and yet it seemed impossible to believe that a human body could have reached that state of disintegration without passing through the pangs of inconceivable agony.
>
> —Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*

Shortly after returning to Middlebury, I became obsessed with the details of my wife's accident. Unsatisfied by what the funeral offered me, I suppose I wanted to share more imaginatively and vividly her experience of death. Also, my "counseling instinct" was at work, that same instinct which makes my students moan, "If only Othello had spoken to Desdemona!," that instinct which would set the world right by hindsight or omniscience, which would prevent "accidents" like this from happening.

I went to the state police barracks and they patiently went over the details again. My wife was heading north on Route 7 through New Haven. She passed three cars at high speed, estimated to be over ninety miles an hour, and collided head-on with a car coming in the opposite direction which had been concealed by a dip in the road. The other car was traveling at sixty miles an hour. Neither driver had a chance to touch the brakes or alter direction.

My wife was driving a small, fast car, a BMW. The other driver had a large Chevrolet. Favored by the laws of physics, he was not killed. She was, most thoroughly. Of course, I wasn't permitted to see the body, and the troopers who informed me of her death were reticent to discuss her physical condition, except to assure me that she "didn't suffer"—they vigorously assured me of this. Their emphasis left me uneasy. They presented me with her purse, picked out of the ruins, but I never opened it until I returned home. I was stunned to find everything in it smashed and rent, plastic pens shattered into tiny slivers, blood spattered over her crumbled driver's license. I knew she used to toss her purse on the passenger's seat. My God, what had happened?

I went to the wrecking yard. The people there were much less fastidious than the undertakers. Sure, I could see the car. I could buy it if I wanted. It had to be pointed out to me. Nothing was left, really, but the trunk, and even that had been humped and buckled into an anguished parody of forward movement suddenly arrested. The front of the car and the passenger compartment were compressed and spewed out sideways in a mass of violently distorted and unrecognizable fragments of metal. Only an unimaginable force could so wrench and flatten cast iron, sheet steel, aluminum. What would it do to the poor soft human body?

I peered at what had been the drivers' side. The wheel was broken off, the steering column angled up and high, covered with dried blood. A corner of the hood penetrated deep into the driver's seat, itself now mashed into what had been the back seat. No glass remained in the windows. It lay glistening in fragments, stained dark brown, in the few square feet of space which remained within the car. The fascination of repulsion held me rooted and awestruck. Though I am not ordinarily given to staring morbidly at the products of automotive devastation, wrecked cars are a familiar sight to us all. But my wife had died in this car, *our* car, and it was as if I had never really *seen* a wreck before this one.

I bought another car and drove up Route 7, again and again, for weeks, retracing her fatal drive. On the long straight stretch where she died, I would hold the car at ninety, waiting for another car to appear in the opposite direction, and then flick the wheel toward it and back again. I calculated with a slide rule how many milliseconds elapsed between initial impact and when the hood

After the funeral

After great pain, a formal feeling comes–
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs–
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round–
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought–
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone–

This is the Hour of Lead–
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow–
First–Chili–then Stupor–then the letting go–

–Emily Dickinson[1]

I went back to Middlebury almost immediately after the funeral. There was work to be done and classes to be prepared and taught. I was feeling stony and grim but up to it. A friend who had come to the funeral gave me a ride back and dropped me off, and I was alone for the first time in five days. The house was still and vacant-seeming, and the rooms had an odd look about them, as if the furniture had suddenly taken to asking questions which hung suspended in mid-air. I was jolted by the sight of my half-peeled orange, dried up, on the sideboard. I went to bed early, on my side of the bed, leaving the other pillow where it belonged. (I did this for weeks, nor did I disturb the position of my wife's belongings for months. Obviously I was more concerned about preserving the relics and habits of my wife's body, the physical space she occupied, than the body itself. Such gestures represent a desperate and instinctual attempt to convey a kind of immortality, it seems.) I slept badly, awoke with a clotted brain, and went numbly about my affairs. For a day or two I felt nothing, or perhaps I felt what an animal on a treadmill feels. My friends were getting over the shock, but I had yet to feel the horror.

House and home

But when he put his hand on the gate it seemed to him suddenly that there was nothing beyond it. The house had never been his anyway, but now even the new planks and sills and shingles, the hearth and stove and bed, were all a part of the memory of somebody else, so that he stopped in the half-open gate and said aloud, as though he had gone to sleep in one place and then waked suddenly to find himself in another: "Whut's Ah doin hyar?" before he went on.

–William Faulkner, "Pantaloon in Black"

Faulkner's story is about a young black whose young wife dies suddenly. He tries to escape from his grief by running rapidly from place to place, performing prodigious feats of strength and drinking. But he finds no peace until he murders a white man who is cheating him—has been cheating him for years—in a game of dice, whereupon he is promptly lynched. The physiological motif which runs through the story is one of alternate hyperventilation and suffocation; and my own experience tends to confirm that grief settles in the chest. After a few days, I began to dread returning to my empty house. It was hard to breathe there. But I found no particular solace in my work either, and the intellectual hum and buzz of the college had translated itself into inane chattering. Clearly the world was going to go on, and I resented it; I resented being part of the world which went on. But there seemed no place adequate to contain and mollify what I increasingly felt. Night after night unfolded, again and again came the time when the headlights should have swept into the driveway but passed by instead, leaving the road blank and deserted. The interior of the house was stiff, angular, full of neutral white walls in the bedroom and indifferent bricks in the kitchen.

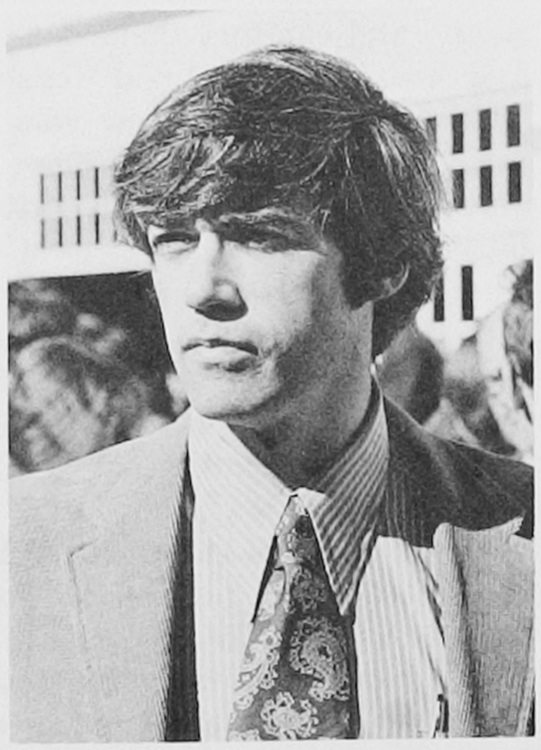
I paced the rooms, hour by hour, of a house too large for two and a vast vacuity for one. Yet everything seemed collapsing in on me, crushing me, or it seemed I was moving and breathing in some viscous fluid, invisible, malevolent. I tried to force myself to weep, but it was the travesty of a bad actor. Each gesture, each act, seemed weighted with futility.

My wife and I had always shared domestic duties, so I could cook, shop, wash dishes, do laundry, iron, vacuum, pay bills. At least I didn't have to cope with the black joke played upon those who lose their wives without having acquired the ability to make a sandwich. But I found myself eating the merest slop out of cans, mechanically, and the dust gathered in tumbleweeds on the floor. How long can this go on? I thought. And what am I going on for?

The void was around me and within me, and the physical pain, the tension which threatened at once to suffocate me and to make me burst, which made me flail and pace and implore the walls silently, became almost unendurable. Friends called occasionally, and once or twice I went to dinner at their houses, but I was bad company. I didn't want to go to dinner, nor did I want to remain at home, nor did I want to work, but I couldn't think of a single place in the world where I would prefer to be, a single activity or non-activity I would rather be involved in.

I began to think about suicide. I considered the effects on my family, my in-laws, my friends. I shrugged these off as incidental to my anguish. But there were the cats, who followed me about the house anxiously as I paced. Who would take care of the cats? And wouldn't they be upset if they came upon my body? No, the cats made suicide impossible. Surely this was crazy thinking, but the will to live at such times seems immeasurably heightened by the most trivial responsibilities, particularly to non-human living things, plants and pets, whose very life, under

It was* her *loss I was mourning, not mine. She had lost her life, irrevocably, at twenty-four. She was cheerful, life-loving . . . I wanted to give her life back to her; I would trade mine for hers, but there were no takers.



Educated at Amherst and Princeton, the author has been assistant professor of English at Middlebury since 1970.

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How Friends Can Help

By Gregor Hileman

Nearly a year ago, the writer's six-year-old son died after radical surgery initiated to remove a cancerous kidney. The boy hung on for 14 hours after the operation, then died without regaining consciousness. The cancer, a Wilms tumor, had been discovered by chance only a week before; he had seemed to be in perfect health. This child was everything any parent could have wished—intelligent, sweet-natured, inventive, humorous, generous, and handsome. He was also an only child.

Now, how did this sudden death affect his parents? And what did relatives, friends, and neighbors do that helped—and didn't help?

Of course, it's tricky to generalize from only one instance, but the death of a beloved can be so much more devastating than those who have not known it can imagine, that even observations based on a single experience may be useful. Or so the writer hopes.

Obviously, to assist a friend in his bereavement, one needs some sense of what he's going through. And what he's going through will be colored considerably by the circumstances of the death: it may have come easily or with difficulty, after a long and useful life or too early; it may have come as a relief from pain; or (most often, perhaps), to innocent victims of ignorance, negligence, or malfeasance. What he's going through will also be colored quite individually by his own past experience and resulting attitudes, of course, and particularly by the character of his emotional involvement with the deceased. Does he feel in any way responsible? Is he guilt-oppressed? Are there other, special grounds for remorse in something he did, or didn't do?

The following are personal observations based solely on one particular death—a death without guilt and without remorse, only sheer grief at lost potentialities.

The first impact on the parents was numbing shock . . . they couldn't even cry. The fact of death was understood but couldn't be assimilated emotionally: the head knew but the heart had tuned out. In part this was probably the classic shock syndrome; but in part, too, it was a continuation of the emotional discipline of the preceding week, in which the parents had lived with a secret knowledge and hidden grief: after recovery from surgery, their dear child faced, at best, 18 months of devastating therapy; a combined onslaught of radiation and drugs designed to kill cells at their moment of division would leave him very sick and often nauseous for most of that year and a half. Burying that new and scarcely assimilated knowledge deep, they had concentrated wholly on being as lovingly supportive as possible during that week of tests in the hospital preceding surgery. Now, with death, a new and unopened grief was added to that secret store.

When Emerson's 5-year-old son was swept suddenly away by scarlet fever, the bereft father wrote in his journal that on the morning after, "the sun went up the morning sky with all his light, but the landscape was dishonored by this loss. For this boy in whose remembrance I have both slept and awaked so oft, decorated for me the morning star, the evening cloud . . . Every tramper that ever tramped is abroad, but the little feet are still." And later, "The chrysalis which he brought in with care and tenderness and gave to his mother to keep is still alive, and he, most beautiful of the children of man, is not here. I comprehend nothing of this fact but its bitterness. Explanation have I none, consolation none that rises out of the fact itself; only diversion; only oblivion of this, and pursuit of new objects."

In those first two weeks one is literally unable to perform any but the most trivial actions. Thus the grief-struck parent must call upon some friend to step in and inform relatives, make funeral arrangements, prepare a notice for the papers, and buffer the bereaved, at first, from the community. The parents felt an overwhelming need for privacy and for distraction ("only diversion, only oblivion . . ."): they left home the next day on a 10-day driving trip.

After the initial shock wore off, a period of deep melancholia ensued, lasting for two months or so. Devoid of energy or optimism—because the future looked empty (and terribly lonely)—the parents lived without hope, without desire. Almost uncaring whether they lived or died, their only wish was, would God I had died for thee! For each parent the bond of loving responsibility for the other was the chief tie to life, making suicide impossible. A double death would be too cruel: by doubling the weight on the survivor's shoulders, it would probably lead to his death, as well.

The depth of this melancholy varied from day to day, but generally each parent was too overcome with grief to concentrate effectively on any mental work at all. Any little artifact—a toy, a hat—could suddenly bring a stifled sob to the throat and the avowal, alas to the empty room, "I love you! I love you! I *love* you . . ." It would be too excruciating for many months yet to begin sorting, storing, or dispersing the array of toys, games, clothing, and books that had sustained their child. It was in this state of mind that the parents opened and read the many letters of condolence, about which more below.

Only after some three months could they begin increasingly to function again. Although everything was remembered clearly, the spirit was less often, now, overwhelmed by grief. The mind, however, continued its recalcitrance: like the tongue returning to a cavity, the mind refused to leave its grief alone. It kept

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Educated at Michigan and Yale, the author has been editor of this magazine since 1968.

In another week she would not have been alive for a month.
So much missed in a month! And fifty years
of foreshortened life presented themselves to me,
a pageant of sights never to be seen, feelings never
to be felt, joys forever unseized. It was too much.

smashed off part of her head. I projected myself imaginatively into that head while it was still whole—thinking about being late, speeding, passing the cars, the other car suddenly rising out of the dip, the realization that you're going to hit it, the adrenalin pumps once—bam! A tremendous noise and force, terrific pain, and blackness. Did she know she was dead, just before they hit? What did she think about? Did she know she was dead just *as* the pieces of her own car hurled themselves on her, tore her? That was horrible to contemplate. What could have gone through her mind at such a time? I wanted to know.

The wrecked and rusting car became almost a shrine for me: I visited it daily. I greatly preferred it to a well-trimmed grave with its uniformly insipid and tasteless headstone. It was more honest, it told me more about the conditions of my wife's death, I could read it like a puzzle, making the parts of it go back where they belonged and then imagining how they got where they were, under what force and with what effect. Then I would go home and finger her blood-stained license, as if it were a pass into a region of spirits.

One day I went to visit the car and it was gone. They had sold it for scrap. I wandered idly around the bare spot in the snow where it had been and finally left, feeling surly but a little relieved, somehow. A year later I was able to place the purse and its contents gently in the garbage can.

Looking around

Antony: Fulvia is dead.
Enobarbus: Sir?
Antony: Fulvia is dead.
Enobarbus: Fulvia?
Antony: Dead.
Enobarbus: Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

Let me return to one of my original observations about each death being "different" by proposing to the reader that I suffered what might be called an ideal bereavement. My wife and I had no children. I was young and presumably attractive, with solid credentials, at the beginning of a promising career at a superior institution, and surrounded by sympathetic and helpful friends. Everyone else seemed to know what I couldn't believe or even think about at the time: that I would remarry and that my life would regain a large measure of happiness. Compare my fate to that of my father-in-law, who stopped working, stopped eating, and succeeded in drinking himself to death within a year and a half. He had a wife and four other children, he was only in his mid-fifties, a successful surgeon, not unused to violent death, a devout Catholic of enduring character. But my wife's death killed him nonetheless, and by his own admission. I don't presume to say why, for the same reason that I don't presume to live my readers' lives for them. One's behavior in the face of the death of a beloved person is influenced by so many complex and impenetrable factors that it cannot be judged by any moral standards with which I am familiar. Nor do the external circumstances of a person's life necessarily play a decisive role in predicting his response to bereavement. The reader who proclaims that I had "more to live for" than my father-in-law will find that such judgments, made from the outside, are frequently unreliable: I am sure that in many similar tragedies, the husband has shot himself while the father lived on.

I do not quite share Enobarbus's cynicism. However, in most of the accounts I have read of bereavement in marriage, the husband or wife seems to suggest, perhaps in accordance with Cicero's dictum, "Of the dead let nothing but good be spoken," that the missing partner was a nonpareil, a repository of connubial perfections. Our divorce statistics do not reflect this. May I offer a corrective? In my own case, death dissolved a marriage which in some ways promised to lead into a divorce action in years to come, and I was left with the relative purity of grief as opposed to the savage bitterness of legal proceedings. Of course, to be relieved of certain pressures in my life at the cost of my wife's left me with a residuum of guilt even larger than that normally visited upon survivors. This had better be faced in a forthright manner and exorcised before it is exercised on the dead spouse's hapless successor.

I survived, and in some ways I have prospered. But I suggest you avoid the experience altogether. I can't recommend it as a builder of character. Such psychological devastation leaves the self honeycombed and less resilient, and the ball-and-chain of such memories is inevitably dragged into the next relationship, there to clank and impede at inconvenient moments. But if someone you love dies, or has died, then I hope this modest story may help you to endure.

FALL SPORTS ROUNDUP

By Max Petersen

Accustomed to undefeated seasons and record winning streaks by fall-sports teams of the past two years, Middlebury fans were jolted this year when the soccer team started off by dropping two out of three and the football team later lost consecutive home games to Trinity and Norwich. However, teams are composed of individuals with many different personalities and talents and, as such, are just as susceptible to losing as winning.

Despite the wealth of veteran talent lost by graduation, all eight men's and women's fall squads posted winning seasons for an impressive overall total of 42 wins, 17 losses, and six ties. Their efforts fell short of the unbelievable 1972 and '73 seasons when records and opponents fell like Dow Jones averages, but considering that they were young squads, their accomplishments were a credit to the players and the coaching staff.

Although team records generally slipped a notch or two, there were still some outstanding performances and even two undefeated seasons. The women's field hockey A team turned in its fourth straight undefeated season and established the longest win streak in Middlebury athletic history by winning its 26th consecutive game in regular season play. Freshman football may have shown a preview of coming attractions in rolling to a perfect 5-0 record and posting devastating decisions over all comers. The Panther varsity eleven, playing one of its toughest schedules in years, wound up with a 5-3 mark and varsity soccer went 5-4-1. Both squads showed real promise at times but were inconsistent throughout the season. Middlebury's cross-country squad broke slowly from the starting gate this year, but came on strong in the home stretch to pull out a 7-6-1 record. On the other hand, the women's tennis team opened with five straight wins and then dropped one and tied another in its last four starts, posting a solid 7-1-1 record. In B-team action, the soccer team finished strong to compile a 3-2-1 mark, but the women's field hockey team faded at the end to close at 2-1-2.

Senior Tom O'Connor, halfback from Dalton, Mass. who set a new Midd career rushing record this year, here carries against Wesleyan.

FOOTBALL

In preseason camp Coach Mickey Heinecken predicted that this would be "the year of the question mark" because of new personnel, and he proved to be a pretty good prognosticator. A young Panther offensive backfield (which in some games found sophomores in three of the four positions) and other less-tangible factors resulted in an up-and-down season far different than any seen for some time.

However, two new school records were set by Panther halfback Tom O'Connor, of Dalton, Mass. The senior co-captain topped Phil Pope's career rushing record with a new total of 2,103 yards and set a new mark of 29 career touchdowns by rushing. O'Connor's total offense by both rushing *and* passing was 3,037 yards and he scored a total of 33 touchdowns in his outstanding four-year career at Middlebury. Sophomore halfback Rod Bicknell, who also handled the kicking, tied a New England record by kicking 8 consecutive conversions in the Hamilton massacre.

Winners of ECAC Division III honors this year included two first-team selections for O'Connor and one each for Rex Martin and Jim Barrington. Selected for honorable mention were Pete Brakeley four times, Bicknell and Barrington twice, and O'Connor, Chase and Leary, once each.

Again it was the old reliables, All-East linebacker Barrington and defensive end and co-captain Brakeley, leading the way on defense, but before the season ended some other outstanding performers began to emerge. Safety Wayne Bell came on strong towards the end of the campaign and defensive tackle Will Graham, hampered by early-season injuries, came through with some fine efforts.

Middlebury was in the unique position, this year, of having three starting quarterbacks, and some observers thought this may have cost the team a consistency in play. But all three—sophomore Rex Martin, junior Jack Leary, and senior Gary Bleakley—earned the right to start and all three directed the team to wins.

Pointing out that this was one of the toughest decisions he has had to make, Coach Heinecken finally selected his youngest signal caller for the season opener at Colby. Martin made the coach look like he owned a crystal ball by running for three touchdowns and passing for another as Middlebury blasted the Colby Mules 35-14. The Montpelier sophomore made some mistakes, but kept his cool in directing his team to a 436-yard offensive effort.

Actually the win wasn't as easy as the score suggests. Sophomore fullback Ken Chase scored first when he hauled in a 13-yard Martin pass. After Colby scored minutes later to lead 7-6, Martin auditioned his one-man running show in dashing for his first score of the day.

reliving the traumatic last days and hours—particularly upon awaking and when dropping off to sleep. (On first waking, "He's dead!" sounded like a leaden thunderclap in the mind.) This third period seemed to extend with gradually lessening intensity over the balance of the first year of mourning.

So much for the emotional dimension; what is the intellectual impact? Because every child is "special" to his parents—after death if not before—they keep asking the Ultimate Question, "Why him?" And they inevitably look around at the other children who survive and make silent comparisons of "worthiness." It seemed clear that their son had more "right to life" than many who survived him, including, probably, his parents. Thus it was driven home by direct experience that the fact of being alive is purely adventitious; it says nothing, one way or another, about one's "worthiness."

How parents try to answer the "ultimate question" depends of course on their beliefs about the Cosmos: theists will seek an answer within one context of belief, humanists within another. Although the areas of intellectual discomfort will be sited differently for each, probably neither find a fully satisfactory answer—intellectual answers can't really meet emotional problems.

Such a "meaningless" death drives the humanist, for example, to conclude that Nature is blind—blind to beauty, ability, moral worth, and all other virtues man values—and to justice not least. Virtue may be its own reward within human societies that value virtue, but the term does not appear in Nature's lexicon. When death results from disease, one part of Nature has blindly destroyed another and superior part. Never again can the grieving survivor view Nature sentimentally as an all-sustaining Mother, as a womb or cradle of mankind. He sees rather a coldly impartial, a "blind" Cosmos. A sunset, a star-strewn sky, a mountain-top vista, a woodland glade of wild flowers—all must still seem beautiful, but without implication: he must admire; he can never again love.

Turning to the second question, how can friends best be supportive in a time of grief? The writer's experience suggests that they must first of all respect the privacy of sorrow. Because it will be weeks or months before the bereaved can with composure discuss his loss, face to face, with friends, the latter should considerately avoid socializing with him until he shows he's ready to resume. During this period, a customary substitute is the letter of condolence.

After reviewing nearly a hundred such letters, the writer concludes that there is

only one helpful message and it is very short: simply say, "We're sorry, too."

Nothing else. Not "We know how you must feel" (you really don't); not "Writing this letter is impossibly difficult" (Gee, I'm sorry!). And whatever else, *never* try to cheer him up! (You can't.) Don't write, "It seems tough, now, but believe me you *will* get over it" (even if true, that doesn't help me, now); don't write, "It was just as well that he died when he did; it could have been worse" (expletive). As Shakespeare noted sardonically, "Everyone can master a grief but he that has it." To try to cheer up a bereaved spirit is to spray perfume on a gaping wound.

No, just "We're sorry, too." A friend cries when you cry; he doesn't try to cheer you up. Whatever one thinks of their theological arguments, Job's friends showed sound psychology: they first went where he was, sat down with him in silence and covered their heads with ashes. You go where the griever is (psychologically) and *share* in his grief. You say, We're sorry, too. (Parenthetically, you don't try to lay on him the consolations of your own religious faith unless you're quite sure he shares that faith. You go where he is.)

One of the most prized letters the writer received was also the shortest; an octagenarian, himself only recently a widower, wrote simply, "This note is to send you my deep sympathy in the loss of your child! Alas, alas!" If one knew the deceased, recall his virtues and how much you, personally, will miss him. Another prized letter read in part, ". . . The total incomprehensibility of events is overwhelming. This poor, tired, foundering world needs all the big, beautiful, energetic, stubborn, and intelligent boys it has; there are none to spare, and yours especially." Although these words drew forth a sob, their author was dearly loved for voicing what the parents, themselves, so clearly saw. "We're sorry, too."

Beyond such simple expressions of sorrow, there are symbolic acts of giving—giving in his memory to some charitable service. In the present case, for example, there were the memorial gift of a book to the local children's library, gifts of money to the children's tumor fund of the hospital where the boy had been treated, and other gifts to the American Cancer Society, the gift in his memory of a game table to the local hospital ward by his first-grade classmates. In other cases, perhaps, a gift in the deceased's memory to a scholarship fund at his school or college, a memorial gift to his church or synagogue—to whatever organization or cause interested him. We all recognize that a gift of his substance is the sincerest symbolic expression of the giver's love, and when relatives enclosed checks with their condolence letters, the act of generosity, itself, was consoling, apart from any material benefit.

Even a gift of food by a neighbor—a pie, a cake, fresh fruit—is consoling, however trivial or inappropriate such gifts might seem to a bystander. When one is stunned by grief, as Freud noted in his concept of regression, he reverts to a more infantile pattern of response: he needs to be babied with creature comforts. Or as Emerson observed to his journal, "Sorrow makes us all children again."

A man or woman bereaved is carrying a deep psychic wound that will bleed internally, off and on, for months. He is an emotional invalid. Expressions of love by his friends don't really affect his wound but do make life a little more bearable. And when one is suffering, any small comfort is something. □

success against Middlebury, it seemed the game was over in the first quarter when the Panthers scored 21 points. Scheufele, O'Connor, and Chase ran for touchdowns and Bicknell kicked the conversions. Unable to crack the end zone, Hamilton came up with a field goal. However, on the next series the Panthers scored again on a one-yard run by Leary and moved to a 28-3 lead at the half. Two more quick scores early in the second half—on a 9-yard run by Leary and a 25-yard return of an interception by Barrington—broke the game wide open and made it 42-3. Fullback Jeff Ross and end John Defeo accounted for two more scores.

Having shown better form on the road than at home, the Panthers returned to Porter Field with a 4-1 record and dropped a tight 17-14 decision to Trinity before a Parent's Day crowd. The Bantams, new to the schedule this year, jumped off to a 14-0 first period lead on a Middlebury fumble and a good runback of a kickoff. It looked like it was all over for Middlebury, but the team fought back with a pair of scores in the second period after two Bantam fumbles. Bleakley hit Chase with a four-yard pass for one and ran 13-yards for the other to tie the score at 14-14 at the half. A 42-yard field goal early in the third period gave the Bantams a slim 17-14 lead which they held onto despite a couple of Panther scoring opportunities.

Next came Norwich in the traditional state-rivalry game at Porter Field. Some said the team let down, others that there were too many mistakes, and a few that this was the best Cadet team in years, but everyone agreed after the scoreboard read 69-23 that the roof had fallen in. Norwich did everything right while the Panthers did everything wrong—including giving up 9 turnovers. It was the worst loss in several years—to a talented team, true, but not with 69 points worth of talent.

Before the Panthers could figure out what was happening, Norwich had exploded to a 35-0 lead. Middlebury finally got rolling on a long pass play to the three where Steve Scheufele took it in to make it 35-7. But another Cadet TD gave them a whopping 42-7 lead at intermission.

In the second half Middlebury scored first when Brakeley scooped up a Norwich punt, blocked by Bell, and ran 22 yards to pay dirt. Some Panther players thought they had a chance with the score 42-15, but minutes later the Cadets intercepted a Middlebury pass and drove for another score. The Panthers scored once more on the first series of the final quarter to make it 49-23. After that it was all Norwich and the score just kept mounting.

The Panthers bounced back in the final game, at Union, by burying the Dutchmen 31-3 in a fine, overall team performance. Bicknell started the scoring with a field goal when the going got tough, but after that the score just kept climbing. O'Connor went out in a blaze of glory, rushing for 140 yards and all four touchdowns. The Panther defense, composed of seniors Brakeley, Barrington, Allard, Garvie, Chambers, and Keller, playing its finest game of the season, held Union to a total of 17 yards rushing.

Coach Heinecken said that this win set the right note for next season, which will be a rebuilding year. With 14 players graduating, the team will have to draw heavily on some good talent from the undefeated freshman squad.

SOCCER

One of the youngest Middlebury soccer teams in years overcame its lack of experience and cohesiveness to post the Panthers' third straight winning season with a 5-4-1 mark and promise better things to come. Although pleased with the record, Coach Lawson said that when the Panthers started to make their move he thought they would do even better. "We let down in a couple of games that we eventually lost."

During the 1974 season the Panthers held a solid 191-92 advantage over the opposition in shots on goal and a 62-42 edge in corner kicks, but were only able to outpoint their opponents 15-12.

Sophomore Chris Lincoln led the team in total points, scoring 4 goals and picking up 3 assists for a total of 7 points. Dave Pentkowski topped the Panthers in goals with 5, and was second in total points with 6.

Having played as a unit in just two

FROSH FOOTBALL
(5-0)

Midd		Opp
30	Norwich	13
42	Plymouth State	0
46	Albany State	7
32	Williams	6
30	Dartmouth	7

VARSITY FOOTBALL
(5-3)

Midd		Opp
35	Colby	14
21	Wesleyan	19
7	WPI	12
25	Williams	20
56	Hamilton	16
14	Trinity	17
23	Norwich	69
31	Union	3

SOCCER
A Team (5-4-1)

Midd		Opp
1	Springfield	3
2	Dartmouth	1
0	Williams	1
4	St. Michael's	0
2	Norwich	0
1	MIT	0
1	Trinity	2
2	Vermont	2
0	Union	2
2	Plattsburgh	1

B Team (3-2-1)

0	Williams	3
1	Norwich	1
5	Johnson State	0
3	Dartmouth	1
0	Union	3
3	Norwich	1

CROSS-COUNTRY
(7-6)

Midd		Opp
20	Bates	15
20	Colby	39
37	Williams	18
44	Keene State	15
45	Vermont	17
45	Norwich	88
45	Castleton State	130
45	St. Michael's	146
50	Amherst	59
50	Coast Guard	22
28	Union	27
15	Castleton	72
15	Johnson	58

WOMEN'S TENNIS
(7-1-1)

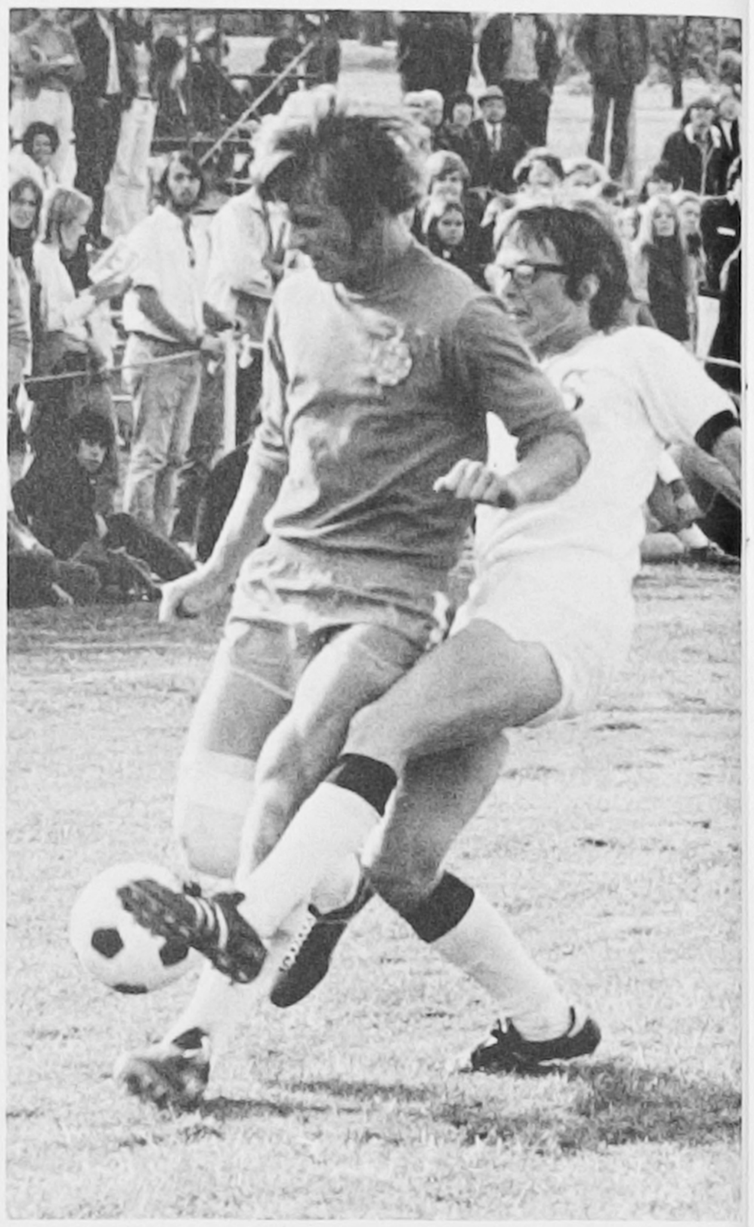
Midd		Opp
6	Local Ladies	2
6	Lyndon State	0
5	Vermont	2
7	Vermont College	0
5	Skidmore	2
2	Williams	5
7	Green Mt. College	0
4	Vermont	4
7	Colby of NH	0

WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY
"A" Team (8-0-1)

Midd		Opp
10	Johnson College	0
14	Vermont College	0
9	Castleton	0
1	Bridgewater	1
5	Skidmore	0
3	Williams	1
3	Vermont	2
16	St. Michael's	0
9	Union	0
N.E. Field Hockey Tournament:		
1	Northeastern	2
1	Yale	1
4	Bates	3

"B" Team (3-2-1)

4	Green Mountain A	2
4	Plattsburgh A	1
1	Williams B	1
1	Vermont	3
1	Colby of NH	4
2	Castleton A	0



Above, with bone-jarring tackle defensive-end Pete Brakeley '75 promotes a Trinity fumble. At right, Bob Harris '77 heads ball away from two Dartmouth players and, far right, Capt. Dave Pentkowski shows his All-New England form against Springfield.

But a determined Mule squad came right back with another score to take a 14-12 halftime lead.

The Panthers came roaring back after intermission: the defense stiffened and the offense shifted into high gear. Getting good field position, Middlebury added two more scores on runs of 21 and 16 yards by Martin and a final touchdown by O'Connor, who led the team in rushing with 109 yards on 21 carries. For his efforts Martin won the weekly Golden Helmet Award as the top college-division player in New England.

Back at Porter Field for their first home game, the Panthers had a much tougher time of it in a typical cliffhanger that has become the trademark of the Middlebury-Wesleyan series. The Blue scored the first time they had the ball, on a 12-yard scamper by O'Connor, but after that things went down hill as they lost the first of eight turnovers and fell behind 13-7 at the half.

After fumbling away their chances to score on the first series of the third period, the Panthers made good on the second try with O'Connor going in from the two. Bicknell kicked the conversion to make it 14-13. Wesleyan came right back with a score and, when the pass attempt for the conversion was batted down by linebacker Jim Williams, the Cardinals held a 19-14 edge. Some final quarter heroics by O'Connor, who accounted for all three touchdowns, and a Bicknell kick gave the Panthers a 21-19 lead and set the stage for a last-minute 26-yard Wesleyan field goal attempt which fell short.

Failing to take a big Worcester Tech eleven seriously, the Panthers lost the Homecoming game to the stubborn Engineers, 12-7, in a real defensive battle. For the third straight week the Panthers fell behind at the half, this time by 6-0. Bleakley, who took over the quarterbacking duties from Martin in the second half, finally got his team moving midway through the third quarter: Chase cracked over from the four-yard line and Bicknell kicked the conversion to give Middlebury a 7-6 lead.

WPI pulled off the upset with a score early in the final quarter on a good offensive drive followed by a stiff defensive effort. Twice Middlebury moved inside the Engineer 20 only to have its drives halted by pass interceptions. Final, 12-7.

Apparently some good came from the WPI upset for it was a different team that took the field at Williams the following week before a large Homecoming crowd. From the start the Panthers showed a highly touted Williams squad they were there to make a game of it. Both offensive squads were stopped cold in the first quarter by hard-hitting defenses, but early in the second period the Panthers, led by quarterback Bleakley, started to move. When that drive ran out of steam, Middlebury had to settle for a field goal.

The Ephmen struck back and led 7-3 at the half, adding another early in the third period to take a solid 14-3 advantage. Down but not out, the Panthers marched 77-yards for a touchdown by Bleakley and a two-point-conversion pass from Bleakley to O'Connor to cut the margin to 14-11. Taking advantage of a Williams fumble, Middlebury drove for another score with Bicknell going in from the one and kicking the conversion. With emotions running high, Middlebury clawed down the field again. This time Chase went in and Bicknell's kick made it 25-14. But it wasn't over yet. The Ephmen took to the air to put six more points on the scoreboard and were threatening when time ran out. Final 25-20.

The squad was expected to be a little flat for Hamilton after upsetting Williams, but they blasted the Continentals 56-16. Although Hamilton did show some offense and the defense did have some

Lacking the "big man" on the 1974 squad, Coach John Bower pinned his hopes on returning veterans Mark Vernon and Craig Ward, both juniors, and sophomores Chris Baldwin and Brant McDougall. Although these four did a creditable job, it was two freshmen, Andy McNicholl and Harry Hoffman, who were the real surprises and who emerged as team leaders.

Opening the season with a triangular meet against New-England-power Bates and host Colby, the Panthers had to mature in a hurry. Bates swept the first nine places to down the Panthers with ease. However, Middlebury did manage to salvage enough points to defeat Colby 20-39 and come out with a split. Baldwin led the Blue harriers by capturing 10th place.

The team appeared to be way off its stride in the next meet, at Williamstown, where an injury-riddled Williams squad simply ran away from Middlebury. It was here that McNicholl emerged as the front runner as he and Baldwin led the way for the Panthers.

Middlebury received another thumping 15-44 on their home course from New Hampshire's Keene State, also a regional power, that same week. Again it was McNicholl and Baldwin pacing the Panthers.

The squad made a slightly better showing in the Vermont State Meet in Burlington by finishing second to a strong University of Vermont contingent. In taking the runnerup slot, the Panthers defeated Norwich, Castleton State, and St. Michael's by wide margins.

Baldwin, son of Geology Professor Brewster Baldwin, led his team with a solid 5th-place finish. He was followed by teammates Hoffman, 6th; McNicholl, 8th; Vernon, 11th, and Pascal Cheng, 20th.

On the road again, the Panthers split a triangular meet at Amherst, defeating the Lord Jeffs 50-59 but bowing to Coast Guard 22-50. Hoffman had his best race of the season to finish 4th, while McNicholl was only seconds behind in 5th place.

Without some of their top runners who couldn't make the trip because of academic demands, the Panthers dropped a one-point decision to the Dutchmen at Union.

Middlebury's young runners finally hit their stride, sweeping the first six places in the last meet of the season against Johnson State and Castleton on the home course. McNicholl covered the 5.1 mile course in 27:15 to win, followed in order by McDougall, Hoffman, Peter Ross (son of business manager Jim Ross '57), Chris Lyons, and Baldwin. The cry is wait until next year, and with the entire squad expected back, it should be a very good year. □

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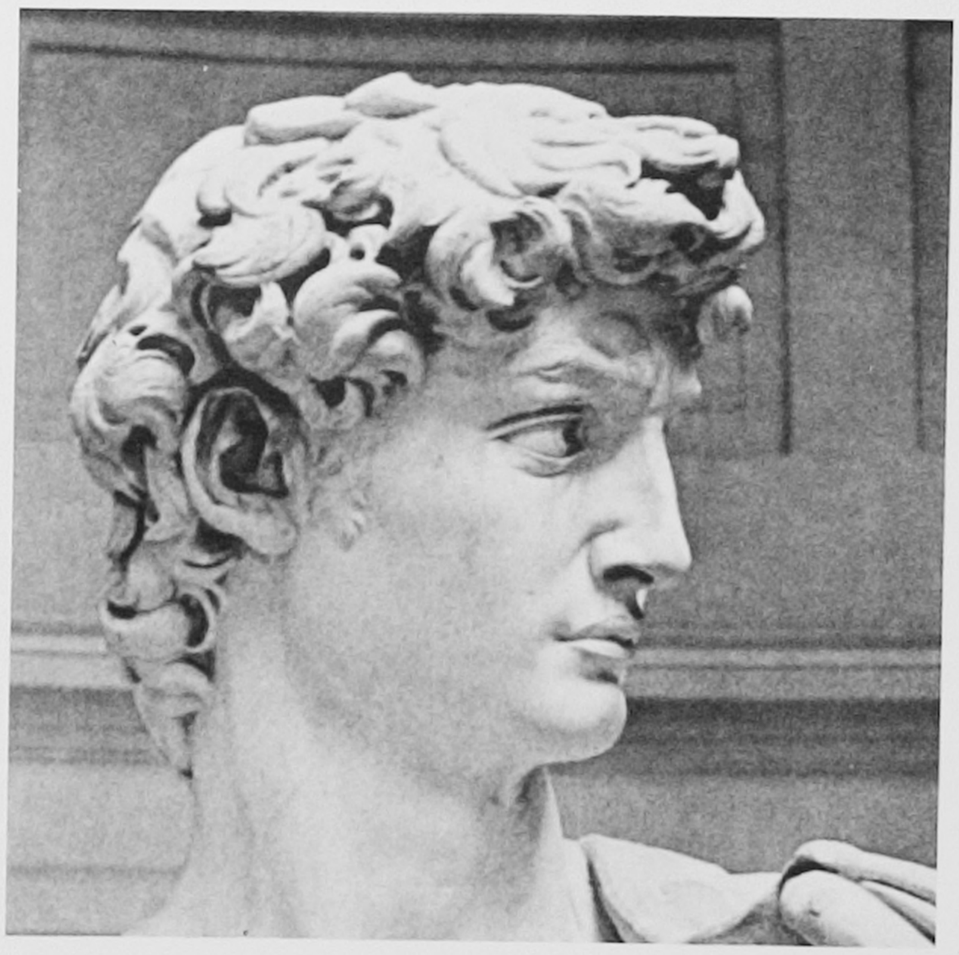

practice games, the inexperienced Panthers tangled with a veteran Springfield team, ranked 16th in the nation, in the season opener at Wilson Field. Both teams battled on nearly even terms for most of the first half until the Chiefs tallied twice on a pair of dribblers. Chris Lincoln scored for Middlebury to cut the gap to one, but Springfield added an insurance goal in the final two minutes to put the game out of reach, 3-1. The loss was the first in 21 regular season games.

Four days later the Panthers hosted an improved Dartmouth squad and downed the Big Green 2-1 behind the versatile play of Pentkowski, who did everything but tend the nets. A promising freshman, Payson Swaffield, canned a penalty kick 55 seconds into the game to give the Panthers an early advantage. Dartmouth evened the score minutes later, but after that it was all Middlebury. Pentkowski, who was all over the field, alternating at halfback and forward, headed in the winning goal at 27:08 of the second half.

Middlebury's booters received their second setback of the season at Williamstown, where they dropped a tight 1-0 decision to the Ephmen. The Panthers outplayed their hosts, holding a 20-10 shot advantage, and still failed to generate a scoring punch.

Returning home, the Panthers opened the Vermont state series by blasting St. Michael's 4-0 in a good team effort. Pentkowski and Lincoln booted in goals in the first half to forge a solid 2-0 lead. Lincoln connected again in the second half and Jim Spink scored the clincher with 10 minutes remaining.

It was on to Northfield, for another state battle with the Norwich Cadets, who proved much tougher on their home field than expected. The teams fought to a scoreless first-half tie even though the Panthers outshot the Cadets 11-2. Pentkowski, who accounted for both Middlebury goals, broke the ice with his first on a picture-perfect header. Just six seconds later before Norwich could re-group he scored again on an instant replay.

The Panthers posted their third straight shutout the following Saturday at Cambridge, turning back MIT 1-0. Again it was a case of Middlebury dominating, holding an edge in shooting, but failing to finish off its shots. Finally Lincoln found the range, well into the second half, scoring the winning goal on a line-drive kick.

Back at Wilson Field the Panthers dominated all of the statistics except the score in a frustrating 2-1 loss to Trinity. Middlebury moved to an early 1-0 lead on a goal by Swaffield, but Trinity came back to tie it just before the half ended. After the Panthers had another goal called back by a "quick whistle" and missed on several one-on-one situations, the Bantams scored the winning goal late in the game with goalie Jay Harvey screened out of the play.

Freshman Dusty McNichol, who is developing into outstanding runner, leads the pack in season finale as Coach John Bower '63 gives him his time.

The Blue booters caught a good Vermont squad off guard in the first half before a large home crowd and moved to what appeared to be a safe 2-0 advantage on a goal by John Doane and two minutes later on another by Andy Taylor. However, in the second half the momentum began to shift to the Cats. UVM freshman ace John Koerner scored twice, 10 minutes apart, to tie the game. Final, 2-2.

Although they played well, the Middlebury squad was unable to overcome the scandalously unsportsmanlike play of Union and the unbelievably lax officiating, dropping a 2-0 contest to the Dutchmen at Schenectady. In a dirty game marked by the ejection of seven players, the Panthers outplayed their hosts but could not score.

With a winning season hinging on the final game at home, Middlebury came out streaking and moved to a 2-0 halftime lead over Plattsburgh State. Pierre Boucher opened the scoring early in the game and Pentkowski added another midway through the first half. A stiff Panther defense held their New York neighbors to just three shots, but one of those found the mark with four minutes left in the contest. Final, 2-1. Season record, 5-4-1.

CROSS-COUNTRY

In preseason workouts a young and inexperienced squad appeared destined to fight an uphill battle against some very good opposition, and that's about the way it worked out. The runners did manage a winning 7-6 mark.

Middlebury

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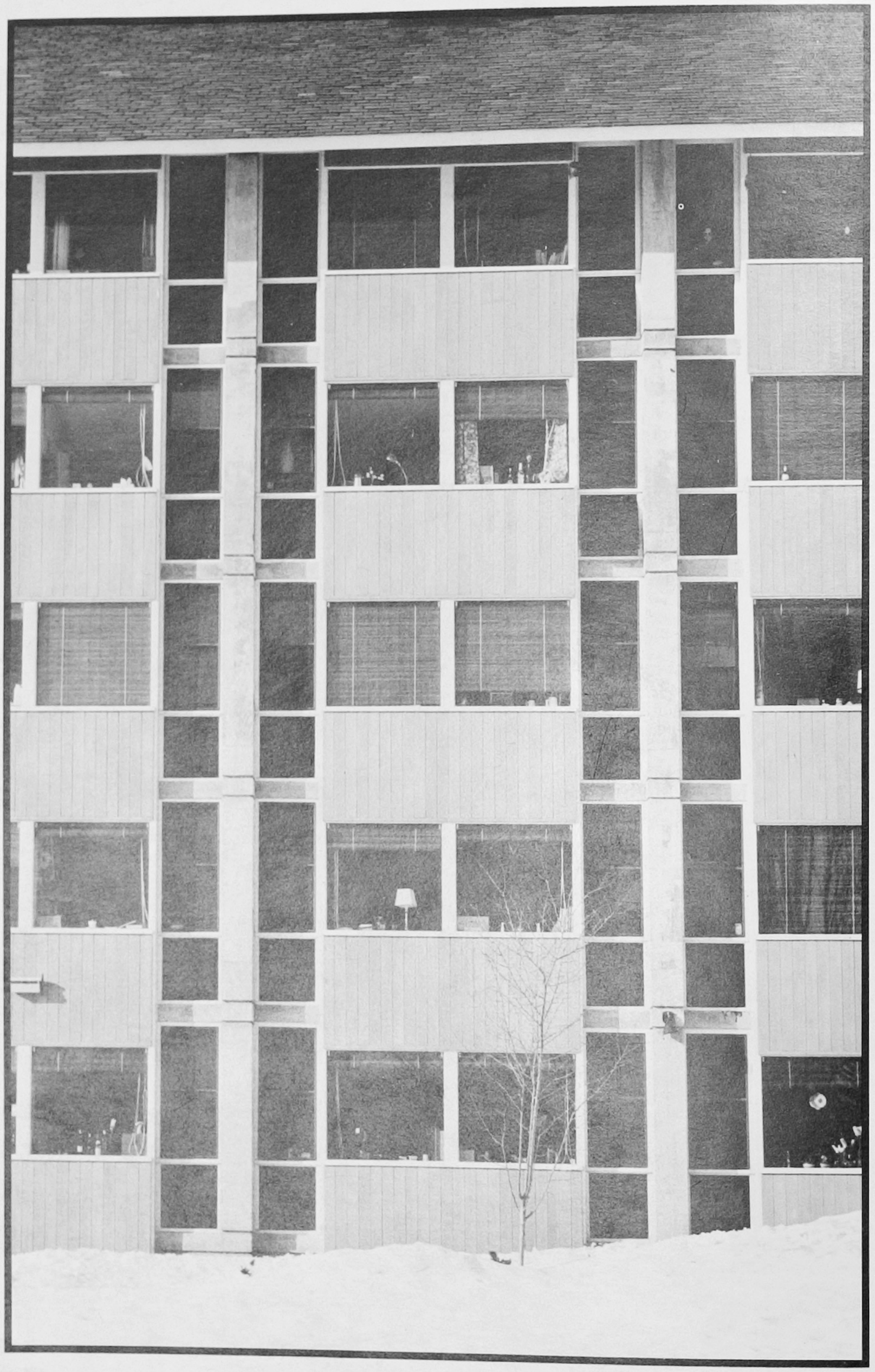
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